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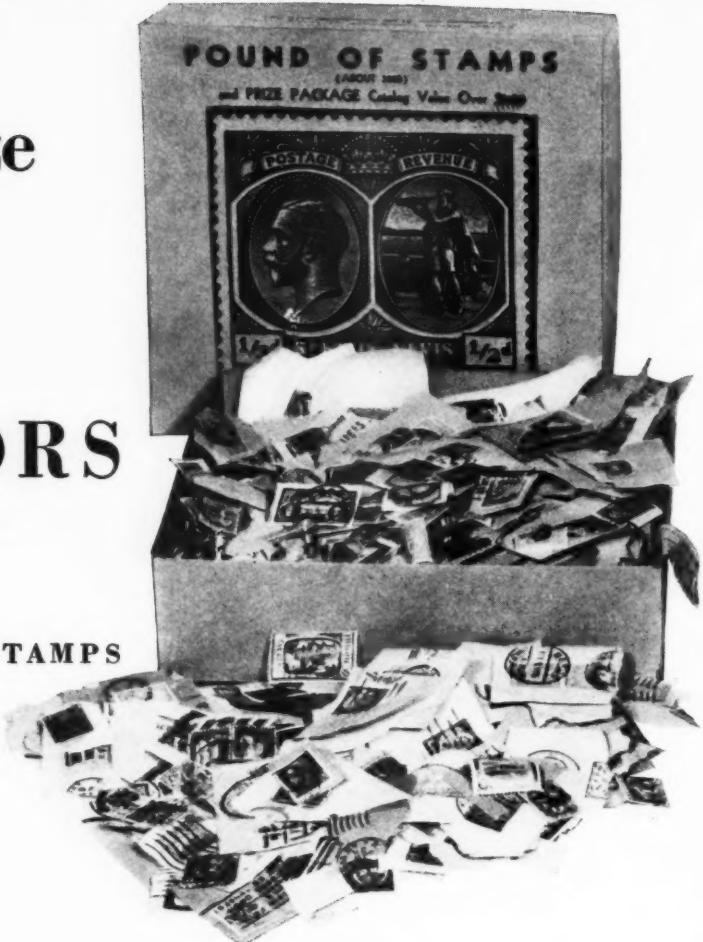
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SEPTEMBER 1936

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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GIRL WITH RHODODENDRON, painted by Adolphe Borie

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD · EDITOR

SEPTEMBER · 1936

Dorry was shy and inadequate until an unexpected emergency forced her to be something more than just—

BETTY'S SISTER

By

BETH BRADFORD GILCHRIST

NOT Betty Townsend's sister!" The new substitute principal looked incredulously at Dorothea.

If she wasn't clever and competent like Betty, why rub it in? thought Dorry. She wished people wouldn't, but they always did. Used as she was to it, their surprise hurt just the same.

"I should like to talk with your mother," went on Miss Reynolds, glancing down at the card on her desk.

Dorothea couldn't tell Miss Reynolds it wouldn't do any good to talk to Mother. Everybody who had ever had anything to do with Dorothea had wanted to talk to Mother, and what had it amounted to? Dorothea herself couldn't understand how her parents happened to have such a stupid daughter—always careless and forgetful, always hanging back and waiting for other people to do things, always shy and backward. Nothing that wasn't clever and able went with Mother, and Daddy wasn't dumb, either.

"Miss Reynolds wants to talk to you, Mother," she said at dinner that night.

"Again?" murmured Betty.

"What's up now, Puss?" asked Father.

"Principally my math test. She doesn't like the looks."

Mother raised her eyes from the letter that had just been handed in, special delivery, at the door. "I can't possibly see her till the end of next week, Dorry. I speak in Brookline to-morrow night, in Springfield on Saturday, and in Trenton and Philadelphia on Monday and Tuesday. Listen to this—it's a proposition from Grace Lord, and just like



SHE HELD OUT THE BOOTS TO HER IRATE BROTHER

her. She's sending her daughter to live with us—the girl's on her way now. Will I take her in? And here she is, almost on my doorstep!"

"How exciting!" cried Betty. "Grace Lord is the one who has lived all over the world, isn't she?"

"In almost every city under the sun. Now George has been ordered from Peiping to Petrograd and, for some reason Grace doesn't explain, she is sending Lettice to us, counting on our friendship and hospitality. The girl is traveling with some people just leaving for the States. I am to treat her like one of my own, put her in school with my girls, everything I do will be quite all right. A good deal of responsibility, I must say!"

"You know you like things like that, Mother," said Tom junior.

"Mother just laps 'em up," said Betty. "A girl who has lived in Europe, Asia, and Africa—how marvelous! I can't wait to see her."

"How old is she, Mother?"

"Your age, Dorry. You and Lettice were born the same year."

"Lettice—Lettice Lord. I wouldn't have named her that," said Betty.

"What's the matter with it for a name?" Tom demanded.

"Too alliterative." Betty was quite aware he expected her to say something else.

Tom grinned and attacked his salad. "Rabbits!" he said.

"When is she coming?" Dorry wanted to know.

Mother was studying dates at the end of the letter.

"By the next boat," she murmured. "I think we may look for her by the end of next week."

"Sure, Mother? Anyway, I'm not going to give up my day in New York," Betty announced firmly.

Mother tossed the letter over to Father. "Grace is so casual, but the child will probably wire us on landing."

"I dope it out about as you do." Father returned to his dinner.

"Luckily this round of speaking dates will be over," mused Mother. "But a girl who has traveled all over the world can take care of herself in any situation."

A girl no older than herself, thought Dorothea, a girl who had traveled everywhere, and seen everything, and done all there was to do. Her heart sank. Another person to be equal to every occasion while she, Dorothea, was so conspicuously not.

The next day a number of things happened.

Mother got off on a morning train.

"Don't touch my new portfolio, Dorry. If you need paper, there is plenty in the desk."

Betty lost her afternoon train, but caught the bus to Elmhurst where she was to spend the week-end with her cousin, Fleury, including a morning of shopping and a matinée in New York.

"Don't borrow my socks if you can't find your own, Dorry! You wore a great hole in my red striped ones, and I haven't any more money to put into socks this year."

Dorry had just watched Betty run down the drive, suitcase in hand, when Tom dashed up and made for the telephone.

"Weeks wants me to go duck hunting with him and his father on Long Island—start in half an hour—Scrum Connor's dropped out. May I go, Dad?"

Tom bounded upstairs. Boots thumped overhead. Doors banged. Drawers opened and shut.

"Dorry, have you seen my rubber boots?"

"Your boots? Oh Tom, I meant to put them back, I truly did. I just borrowed them for a school play."

"Well, where are they now?"

"I'll get them."

"You'll have to hurry."

She was on her way, running as hard as she could. Jessica's house—the boots must be there. Happily they were. Panting, she bore them back to an irate brother.

"You can stop this. Taking a fellow's things and forgetting to put them back!"

"It didn't hurt them," she pleaded.

A car swung into the drive and Tom was off.

A somewhat subdued Dorry sat on the front steps of the house. She was alone, except for Clare in the kitchen. Hardly had she realized the fact before Father came downstairs.

"Well, Puss, it looks as though you and I will have the

Illustrated by
HARRIET LENOORE
O'BRIEN



place to ourselves for a bit." Father sat down on the step beside her. "What shall we do with ourselves? I've arranged to take the day off to-morrow."

"How lovely!" Dorothea's face lighted. "Let's go exploring."

"Fine! We'll ask Clare to give us a snack, and tell her to take the day off. Then you and I will go on a spree."

"Won't she have to get dinner for us?"

"We'll come home and clean up, and go out for dinner. What do you say to the Hole-in-the-Wall?"

"I say bully. Just the two of us?" Dorry gave an ecstatic wiggle. "I can't think of anything nicer."

Clare put her head out of the door. "Washington calling you, Mr. Townsend."

"What do those fellows want now?"

Father was gone a long time. When he came back, he sat down differently. A vague misgiving assailed the girl.

"Dorry," he said, "I am afraid our day together must be postponed. I am called to Washington."

Dorothea blinked and swallowed hard. "Shall I pack your bag?"

"Clare is doing it. I wouldn't have had this happen for a good deal. I must catch the five fifty-eight. I tried to call Miss Webster, but the line was busy. She will come over and stay with you, I know, if she's home. Perhaps I can get her now. You're a brick, Dorry. Not a squeak out of

you!" He patted her shoulder approvingly and jumped up.

Clare started downstairs, and a taxi swung up to the door at the same minute. Father was at the telephone. "Still busy," he said.

"I'll call her later, Father. But I'd be all right with Clare here."

"Of course. Clare's a jewel. But Jerry Webster will be company for you."

Father kissed her and took his bag from Clare.

"Keep that date for me, Dorry. We'll just postpone it."

"I've come six thousand miles, and nobody's at home," wailed the stranger.

"Are you Lettice Lord?" gasped Dorothea.

The girl nodded, with a forlorn attempt at a smile.

Lettice Lord, the sophisticated traveler—this scared, nervous girl! Frequenter of foreign capitals and sojourner on three continents! And nobody at home to welcome her but—well, Dorry would just have to do it herself.

"I'm Dorry," she said. "Come right in. I'm glad to see



The taxi vanished beyond the hedge. Dorothea winked hard and fast. After all, she hadn't had much time to anticipate to-morrow. If she had, she couldn't have helped crying. She went to the telephone to call Miss Jerry Webster.

She tried twice before the Websters' maid answered.

"Miss Jerry is out of town," said the maid. "She won't be back until Tuesday."

"Thank you," said Dorry and hung up.

She might ask one of the girls to spend the night with her. Their mothers would let them, with Clare in the house. Dorry was hesitating between Mary Moody and Estelle Larsen when there came a crunch of gravel on the drive, and a car slid to a stop in front of the house. A taxi! Was Father back?

SHE ran to the door, and opened it just as a girl stepped out of the taxi. The girl had on a blue suit, and a blue straw hat with a knot of flowers over one ear, and she looked scared to death.

"Does Mrs. Thomas Dwight Townsend live here?" she asked in a shy, breathless way.

"Yes," said Dorothea, "but she is not at home to-day."

"Is Mr. Townsend here?"

"I'm sorry. He has just been called to Washington."

"Oh dear! What shall I do? Isn't anybody at home?"

"I'm home," said Dorry. Even then she didn't guess who the stranger was. "But if you want to see Mother—"

"I'LL SAY WE HAD LUCK," SAID TOM. "LOOK AT THE BIRDS!" BUT ON INTRODUCTION TO LETTICE, HIS FACE DID A RAPID CHANGE

you. Excuse me for not guessing who you were. You see, we weren't expecting you till next week. Not that it makes a bit of difference, except that everybody would have been home then."

Suddenly she put her arms around the girl and kissed her warmly.

"Put the bags down in the hall, driver."

Loose change was kept in a table drawer in the hall. Dorry found a quarter and gave it to the man.

When he had gone, she led the stranger into the living room.

"I'm sorry we couldn't meet you, but now that you're here it's all right, isn't it? We can get acquainted before the others come back."

The visitor's tears began to flow. "Oh dear! I've done a dreadful thing. I've lost my money."

"Lost your money!"

"I left my pocketbook in the train. I must have left it on the seat. When I got out, I hadn't it."

"Oh dear!" said Dorothea in her turn. "That is dreadful. How much money did you have?"

"Twenty dollars. And a check for fifty."

"That's a lot." How Dorry longed for her family, for Father, Mother, Betty, Tom. Any one of them would know what to do in an emergency like this. But none of them was here—and she was!

"Don't cry," she told the stranger. "Please don't. I often forget things. In fact, I'm always doing it."

The girl stopped crying and looked at Dorothea exactly as though she expected her to do something about the pocketbook. What did people do in a situation like this? Dorothea didn't know, but the look had done something to her. She had to get back that pocketbook.

Just then Clare came in.

"Clare, this is Lettice Lord, the girl we were expecting next week. She has come six thousand miles and there was nobody at the station to meet her. She left her pocketbook in the train." Dorothea spoke hastily, fearing disapproval.



"I DON'T KNOW WHICH I LIKE BETTER," SAID LETTICE, TURNING FOR DORRY'S BENEFIT

"In the train!" Clare's shocked tone spoke volumes.

"What room did Mother plan to give her?"

"The blue room."

"You can take up the bags."

Lettice sat on the edge of a chair, regarding Dorothea with expectant eyes.

Dorry stood still, thinking. Major Gresham—Father consulted him about things. Didn't he have something to do with railroads? She picked up the telephone book and ran her eyes down the Gs.

A minute later she was speaking into the receiver, quite forgetting to be frightened in the importance of her errand. "Major Gresham—yes, please. Tell him Dorothea Townsend wants to speak to him." And then, in another minute, "Father and Mother are out of town, and a girl has come all the way from China to visit us. Her name is Lettice Lord, and she left her pocketbook in the train, coming out from the Grand Central. What color?—I'll ask her. What color is your pocketbook, Lettice?"

"Blue."

"Is your name in it?"

DOROTHEA retailed the items over the wire. "Yes, her name is in it, and a handkerchief, and twenty dollars—a ten, a five, and four ones, and some change, quarters and things; and a check for fifty; and a rebate slip because she had to buy her ticket on the train. Oh, thank you so much, Major Gresham."

"He'll get it. Now let's go up to the blue room."

When a person is shy, and seems less equal to a situation than you do yourself, it makes you feel able in comparison. And when she has forgotten something—just as you do—it makes you want to help her out.

"I think you'll feel better when you've had something to eat," said Dorry as they returned to the living room. "I often do." Then she had an inspiration. "Oh, Clare, may we have dinner here, in front of the fire? It's so much more cozy."

It was cozy. The visitor began to look less like a scared white rabbit.

"You're not a bit the way I thought you'd be," she said at last, looking up from her asparagus and chops and peas. "You're so nice."

"How did you think I'd be?"

"Well, very superior. Kind of high-hat. I was afraid of you."

Dorothea laughed. "How funny! That's the way I thought of you. You'd traveled everywhere, and were so clever and—*and sophisticated*."

"But I'm not."

"And I'm not."

"Oh yes, you are! But I'm not afraid of you."

There was no denying it was pleasant to be looked up to, and considered able and competent. It was odd how at ease Dorry became in putting the visitor at ease.

And then, (Continued on page 31)



"IT SEEMS FINE TO BE SWEEPING OFF THE OLD PORCH AGAIN." SAID JOHN

THE car slowed at the mail box with the name "Fargo" on the dented side, and turned in at an overgrown driveway between sagging wooden gateposts, on one of which had been nailed a glaring "For Sale" sign.

The house, a typical New England farmhouse with clapboards and an upper shingled story, stood facing the drive. It had once been white, but there was little of the original paint left. The roof was red, and there were green shutters of solid wood, with small half moons cut in them. To the north of the house, an apple orchard was just coming into the pale pink glory of its blossoming.

Mandy Stewart was out of the car almost before it had stopped at the steps, and up on the porch over which honeysuckle vines grew heavily.

"It looks," she announced eagerly, over one shoulder, "like a house people have really *lived in*—a nice, jolly family, I mean—even if it is a little shabby!"

Her father burst into a shout of laughter, and, plunging his hand into his pocket, pulled out the big, old-fashioned door key, and tossed it to her.

Mandy caught it expertly, saluted gaily, and, turning, fitted the key in the lock. She had the door open in a flash and was in the narrow, faintly musty hall.

Anxious as she was to begin an immediate exploring of the old farmhouse that was to be their home all summer, she hesitated a moment, there in the doorway, feeling again the incredulous dismay of that evening, a month ago, when her father had broken the news to her about the change in their usual vacation plans.

She had known, of course, that the firm with which he had been connected so long had had a series of business

Mandy Stewart's disappointment over the cancellation of her Cape Cod vacation plans was abruptly changed by a sign—

"HOUSE FOR SALE"

By

MARJORIE MAXWELL

troubles, growing out of the depression, but she had never guessed that his apparently assured position was not entirely safe. Now, quite suddenly, the company had let more than half their office force go, and, under the circumstances, with nothing else in sight, Mr. Stewart had felt he could not see his way to taking the pretty Cape Cod cottage this year.

"I'm awfully sorry, Midget," he had said, rather helplessly. "But at least I needn't keep Mother and you in the hot city. She and I have been discussing an unexpected opportunity that turned up only this afternoon—a nice old farm up in Connecticut that can be rented for a song. It'll be roughing it, I expect, but that may be fun, too."

He had gone on eagerly to explain that they could rent the apartment for enough, even at summer prices, to cover their modest food bills at the farm, and leave a small surplus. And if a position did present itself, they could make new plans.

So it had finally been decided. A tenant had been found, trunks with their clothes and the household linen shipped ahead, and kitchen utensils, glass, china, and their immediate necessities packed into the old flivver.

EXACTLY four weeks from the evening Mandy had first heard of the Fargo farm, they were on their way to live in it. And, in those busy weeks, the thought of Cape Cod had receded more and more from Mandy's memory, to be replaced by enthusiastic anticipation of the brand-new kind of summer that lay ahead.

She had never lived on a farm, though her mother had been brought up on one, and Mandy had always loved her stories of the very different childhood she had known.

Standing now in the hallway of the Fargo farmhouse, the girl peered curiously into a small, neat sitting room on the left; and then opposite, into a slightly larger dining room, with faded wall paper in a Delft pattern. Straight ahead, at the end of the hall, narrow stairs ran up almost as steeply as a ladder.

After living in an apartment, stairs like that positively cried out to be investigated. Mandy ran up them promptly, and found herself in a second narrow hall, like the one



MANDY'S LAST HOMESICK REGRETS FOR THE CAPE VANISHED

below, out of which three bedrooms opened—a large, front room that would be her parents', and two smaller, sunny rooms looking out on a wilderness of rather riotous garden.

Mandy chose the one that faced the lovely, budding orchard. It had a rose-patterned paper like faded chintz, and an old spool bed that won her heart at first sight. The room across the hall was severely masculine, with a cot bed and plain pine furniture, decidedly the worse for hard wear.

It surprised her to see that there was a blanket on the cot, and a pillow rolled into a thumped ball, as if someone had rested a weary head on it quite recently.

Hearing her father come upstairs, she called to him, pointing to the mute evidence of that pillow.

"Do you suppose *tramps*—" she asked, a little anxiously.

"I don't know, Midget. Everything seems neat, and *tramps* aren't usually so careful. Vance, the agent, didn't mention it, but they may have had a caretaker here. This was evidently the boy's room—Vance spoke of there being a Fargo boy, I remember. The parents are dead, and an uncle was willing to rent the place cheap to get it off his hands. Don't say anything to your mother about *tramps*," he added hurriedly.

By evening they had settled quite comfortably into their new home. They were all tired enough to be content with a

picnic supper, and, shortly after the meal was over, Mandy went to bed by the last of the twilight. She was sound asleep before her room was dark.

The next thing she knew was waking, very much puzzled as to where she was, and conscious that her ears were straining for some sound that had roused her from that first heavy sleep.

As she listened, it came again, recognizable this time as a sticking window being lightly pounded to open it, somewhere downstairs. Then, as she sat up uncertainly, she heard a creak as the sash went up.

HER one thought now was to wake her father before the intruder should be actually in the house. Slipping out of bed, she caught up her woolly blue bathrobe that hung over the footboard, and struggled into it as she tiptoed across the uncarpeted floor.

Then she was out in the hall, her bare feet moving soundlessly across the landing. But to reach her parents' door, she must pass the head of the stairs, and, while she was creeping past this point, footsteps in the hall below reached her, and the gleam of a candle.

Mandy stared down the dark stairs with frightened eyes. If she kept quiet, perhaps the burglar wouldn't see her in the shadows. Of course it must be a burglar, except that carrying a lighted candle and walking carelessly with heavy

Illustrated by HENRIETTA McCAGI STARRETT

boots were queer doings for that kind of nocturnal visitor.

She couldn't see his face, since the light was directly in front of it, but she could make out a strong looking arm in a blue shirtsleeve rolled to the elbow, and the rest of him looked like a rather slender boy, wearing shabby khaki trousers and a blue shirt open at the throat.

It puzzled Mandy to see how confidently he walked, as if he believed himself to have every right to be where he was. But, also, it reassured her.

Following an impulse, she called to him boldly, "What are you doing down there, please?"

He was startled, almost dropping his candle as he tried to peer upward into the darkness.

"Wh-what are you doing yourself?" his voice answered her, a nice voice, young and obviously much astonished.

"I'm living here," Mandy said; and because she was shaking with relief and a sudden desire to laugh, as well, she sat down abruptly on the top step.

"*Li-living here*—since when?" he asked sharply, lifting his candle in an effort to see her.

The light revealed his own face to the girl above him, and her relief strengthened. This was neither burglar nor tramp, but an anxious, thin-faced boy with wide gray eyes and a touzle of tow-colored hair.

"We moved in to-day," Mandy said composedly. "Our name's Stewart, and we've rented the farm for the summer."

The boy's eyes widened.

"I didn't know," he muttered. "My folks used to own this house," he went on gravely, after that surprised pause. "I'm John Fargo, and I've been sleeping here for the last four nights."

(So that was the explanation of the thumped pillow on the cot bed that looked as if someone had slept on it recently.)

He went on, still in a puzzled voice, "I thought the house was empty. It was, the other three nights. Uncle Reuben never told me—" He stopped, setting his lips tight together. Then, "I guess I'll be going along now," he muttered apologetically. "I'm sorry I woke you up."

He was turning away, when Mandy said imperiously, "You can't go off like that—with nowhere to sleep, John Fargo. Wait, I'm going to wake my father."

Meekly he obeyed her, sitting down on the bottom step with his candle in his hand.

It was not five minutes before Mr. Stewart came down without Mandy, carrying his bedroom lamp, and ushered his unexpected guest into the sitting room.

Mandy, sitting on the edge of her mother's bed, bouncing from time to time with curiosity, could catch a hum of voices downstairs that seemed to go on and on interminably.

But at length she heard two pairs of feet on the stairs, and her father came into the room.

"I've sent him to bed in his old room," he said. "He's young Fargo. I remember Vance spoke of him as a nice kid."

He tells a straight story, and I'm inclined to believe him. Especially as he himself suggested our going into the village to-morrow to let some of his old friends vouch for him. He spoke particularly of a Dr. Birne, who has taken care of his family ever since the boy himself was born."

Mrs. Stewart asked sympathetically, "But what is he doing here, Herbert?"

"He's been living with a stepbrother of his father's in Brooklyn since his mother died a year ago," her husband said, frowning a little. "I gather the youngster wasn't made to feel over welcome, and he finally decided to walk out, and hitch-hike his way back to Evanston where he's known. He's been trying for the past four days to get work on some of the farms around here."

"I wonder he didn't go to this doctor," Mrs. Stewart objected.

"Yes, I asked him that, too. But it seems he's set his heart on having a job before he calls on any of his father's old friends. You can't help respecting his pride, even if it isn't too practical." Mr. Stewart hesitated, and added almost shamefacedly, "I've told him, if his story's corroborated, that I'll give him a job here this summer, keeping the place in order and helping me in the vegetable garden. He can have his room and meals here, and a few dollars a week. I can't afford much, but I do need someone after all, and he—he acted, poor kid, as if I'd offered him paradise."

Mrs. Stewart's eyes filled. "He sounds like a nice boy," she said simply.

Mandy, however, was still curious. "I think that'll be a swell plan all round," she told him enthusiastically. "But what I want to know right now is, isn't it awfully late? Why didn't he come back here sooner?"

"We went to bed early, you know," her father reminded her. "It's only a little after nine." His eyes twinkled at her. "You must have slept hard, Midget. Anyhow, young Fargo went to a movie after his dinner—hoping, I think, that he'd run into some of his old friends. He admits he put off as long as he could coming back to this empty house. You can't blame him for that. It must have been pretty dreary."

Mandy went to bed, her brain busy with the fate of this boy, not much older than herself, who yet seemed so alone in the world. But despite her interest, she fell asleep almost immediately, and when she awoke the sun was up, and the birds were twittering under the eaves.

She dressed in a hurry, taking care not to rouse the rest of the household, and stole downstairs, to find the front door open, and the Fargo boy sweeping the porch and whistling cheerfully.

He was so busy he did not hear her, until she spoke behind him.

"You're up pretty early, John Fargo. Good morning!" He wheeled then, his smile friendly.

"It sure is a good morning. And (Continued on page 38)

Crossroad

BY FRANCES FROST

The humpy road climbed over the hill
With weeds and hardhack-brown;
The careful road, well-smoothed and worn,
Ran straightly, neatly, down.

I took the narrow road that straggled,
The rough and grassy track
That ambled up the chickory-hill,
And stumbled down the back.

I saw a red fox running near,
I saw an emerald snake,
And heard a hidden wood thrush breaking
His heart for beauty's sake.

I robbed a pasture berry thicket—
And where the straight road went
I never asked, for the twisty road
And I were quite content!

Whether it's this year—or several years hence—you'll find it "more fun if you know the rules," when you're—

OFF TO COLLEGE

By
BEATRICE PIERCE

AT LAST the momentous decision has been made. You are going to college this autumn—yes, really going! Your head is full of plans and dreams—and questions. Especially questions. What clothes will you need? That is the uppermost thought. What shall you wear on the campus the day you arrive, before you have had a chance to see what other students are wearing? How shall you dress for the tea you have been invited to attend the first week of college? Shall you change for dinner every night at the dormitory? Are there any special campus customs and rules you ought to know about? Will you be able to pass your courses? Just what will it all be like?

The answers to these, and the hundred other questions that you have been turning over in your mind, depend to a large extent upon *you*, your tastes and your interests. The answers depend, also, upon the type of college which you have chosen as your prospective Alma Mater.

If you are an average girl, entering an average college, this much is fairly certain: your life for the next four years will be quite different from your life up until now. You will be on your own responsibility as you never have been before. There will be no one except yourself to remind you that a theme is due to-morrow; no one to check up on you, day by day, on outside reading assignments. You will be expected to work out your own schedules of study, and your own program for work, rest, and recreation. Your first job will be to learn to budget your time, so much for games, so much for just sitting around and talking—you will do a lot of that, all college students do—so much for reading, so much for study, and so on.

Unless you do budget your time, there will be troubles ahead for you. Examinations have a fatal way of coming along, reports become due before you have had time to say "Jack Robinson," essays are delinquent after a certain "deadline." Everything seems so serene and easy-going at first—then, suddenly, you find that you are hopelessly behind with all your courses. You plunge in, then, putting in long, hard hours of study. You drive yourself for all you are worth, sitting up nights, or getting up by an alarm clock in the cold gray dawn. If you are bright enough, and lucky enough, and strong enough to stand the strain, you pass your exams and turn in your papers. But if you aren't gifted with a good memory and an unusual capacity for concentration, and if you haven't wonderful health and steady nerves, you simply fail and are sent home.

Each girl virtually has to make up her own time budget—what is sufficient study for one girl will not be nearly enough for another. Try to size yourself up and decide just what kind of a daily program will be best for you. You don't want to be a grind; neither do you want to flunk out and

go home, feeling that you are a failure. Somewhere between the two, there is a happy medium that suits your case. But don't make the mistake of thinking that you can get by without studying, simply because you were class valedictorian and yet "never had to study in high school." Your particular high school may not have had very strict scholastic standards, and you will certainly have keener competition in college.

To any girl, therefore, who doesn't want to be "a green little freshman" I would say first of all: be grown-up in your attitude toward your work. You came to college to learn as much as possible about this interesting old world of ours, and how you might fit yourself for a useful life. Of course you *will* learn some things, outside of books and classrooms, just from meeting new people and exchanging ideas with them. But—until you have done a great deal of reading in diverse fields, and until you have done some real studying and thinking, you won't have many ideas to exchange. Neither will you have any basis for judging whether the ideas you hear expressed are silly, or are really worth listening to.

About your clothes at college—again so much depends upon you, and upon the college. In some colleges there is a great deal of formal social life; in others everything is extremely simple and unpretentious. In one college, the girls may wear ski trousers to class; in another, they'll wear riding breeches if they happen to be going for a ride afterward. But such garb is far from acceptable everywhere. Shocked glances, and even a severe reprimand, might be the reaction on certain other campuses.

THE location of the college, whether in the country, in a small town, or in a large city, makes some difference, of course. And college traditions and customs all play a part in the clothes question.

Before you begin making shopping lists, I suggest that you read everything you can find about your chosen college. Study the catalogue and the various bulletins which may be available from the registrar, or the dean of women. These bulletins usually contain information about social life and customs on the campus. The college "Annual" and the campus newspaper will give you further side lights. From all such sources, and by talking with any graduates there may be in your home town, you ought to be able to arrive at general conclusions.

Everyday clothes are much the same on almost all campuses. Tweed skirts with sweaters, or simple wool or knitted frocks, or suits, are almost universal; so likewise are





Illustrated

by

MARGUERITE DE ANGELI

low-heeled oxfords, gay colored scarfs, top coats of woolen cloth, or of fur, for winter.

On many campuses, virtually everyone goes bareheaded much of the time. When the thermometer gets down far enough, a devotee of the bareheaded cult may don an odd little cap, tie a scarf around her head, or wear a pair of earmuffs! For the most part, she won't wear a real hat unless she is going to tea, to church, or to the city for shopping or a week-end.

Most of these bareheaded girls, however, make a point of keeping their hands and feet well protected against cold. Mittens and knitted gloves in all the gayest colors imaginable; and short wool socks, pulled over silk or lisle stockings, are considered smart and sensible for campus wear. On stormy days, overshoes—especially the fur topped ones—are decidedly popular.

So much for campus clothes. Next, what are you likely to need for your "extra curricular activities," such as teas, football games, and dances?

Let's take teas first because they are such frequent college affairs. Everyone around college is forever going to teas, and helping to give them. The dean may have her regular afternoon when she is "at home" to the students. The sororities have teas for "rushees," for their visiting officers, for the faculty, for the alumnae, for mothers, for fathers, and so on. The fraternities have "open house" after football games—an "open house" usually being just another name for a tea dance. The sophomores give a tea for the freshmen; the juniors for the seniors. The professors ask their students to tea in their homes, or apartments. And so it goes.

Sometimes the tea is formal, and sometimes it is very informal. What you wear is determined accordingly. If there is to be an important guest of honor, and a large number of patronesses, you may expect a formal function. So you wear your very nicest afternoon clothes, either a silk dress with a dress coat, or a "dressmaker type" suit, pumps, a pretty hat—perhaps with a veil, if veils happen to be the current fashion—and fine suede or soft *glacé* kid gloves.

Should you be asked to "assist" at a formal tea, you probably will be expected to appear in a long daytime frock, or dinner dress. In many colleges the hostesses dress quite formally. In fact, you may even see some of them trailing around in dance frocks, sleeveless and backless! This custom, however, is very poor taste, though a simple dance frock, with an accompanying jacket, often does nicely as a substitute.

Dropping in at the dean's study for a cup of tea on her regular weekly afternoon requires no special "dressing up."

EVERYDAY CLOTHES ARE MUCH THE SAME ON ALL CAMPUSES. TWEED SKIRTS WITH SWEATERS, KNITTED FROCKS, OR SUITS, AND LOW-HEELED OXFORDS ARE ALMOST UNIVERSAL

You may go just as you are, in your everyday campus clothes, stopping on your way home from classes. Or, if you prefer to go to your room first to change to a simple afternoon frock, you may do that instead. But you should never go to classes ostensibly dressed for a tea party. Any more than you should go to a football game all gotten up in white gloves, patent leather pumps, and a velvet hat, in anticipation of the fraternity tea dance that is on your schedule directly afterward.

There are times when you do some serious head work in planning what to wear on the busy days when you dash from classes to teas, or from football games to dances. Remember that it is always better to be dressed simply and inconspicuously than it is to look the least bit overdressed.

For the football-tea-dance combination (a common one in a college girl's life) your aim is twofold. First, you want to be warm and comfortable at the football game, not too dressed up to run down on the field after the game and join in the marching and general jubilation—provided there is any such jubilation for your side; and second, you want to look trim and smart at the dance that is to follow the game.

THEREFORE, with these *two* aims in mind, you cannot set out for the game all bundled up in your very heaviest sport clothes; neither can you wear a pretty silk afternoon dress, or a flower trimmed hat. Nine times out of ten the day is raw and chilly. Your first thought is how to avoid that pinched, blue look that a lightly clad girl gets, along about the beginning of the "second half." You know perfectly well that you aren't at your best when you are all gooseflesh and shivery. You know, too, that the best protection against cold is wool, right next to your skin. So, if you are a wise young lady, you start your dressing process by putting on your woolen undies— (Continued on page 42)



**HENRY T. MOORE, President of
Skidmore College, makes some
interesting suggestions about—**

Illustrated by PELAGIE DOANE

that intangible something in the atmosphere of college life. But, invariably, it was the discovery of a controlling personal interest that made the difference between a vital and a commonplace existence.

Let me give two instances, one of a brilliant girl student, and one of a boy who was an academic failure, yet both turned college into a lifelong asset. The brilliant student came with some money she had earned selling magazines. She had done this more successfully than any high school girl in her home city of two hundred thousand population. Everything that had to do with printing ink seemed romantic to her. She loved books, journals, and newspapers, and she loved the competition of selling things. College became a new development of this fundamental pattern of interest. She read eagerly, talked books with her professors, owned as much of a library as she could afford, worked hard on student publications. Upon graduation, she went directly to the first available job in a publishing house where she forged steadily ahead, in and out of the depression; and now she is recognized as one of the key people in a large New York firm. Naturally enough, this was a student who made consistently high marks.

The other is the case of a boy, a boy whose average on his marks was so low that he was unable to graduate. He discovered, however, early in his freshman year, that he had an extraordinary interest in everything about out-of-door life—trees, birds, flowers, mountain trails. He took every course that pertained to such interests, but the courses themselves were merely a starting point for priming his own activities. He soon prided himself on knowing every bird in that section of the country, and his other outdoor knowledge accumulated at an ever increasing rate. Unfortunately most of his marks were below par and he flunked out of college, but he became soon afterwards a forest ranger, with such expert knowledge in this field that he has been called back occasionally as a special lecturer in the very college out of which he flunked.

FROM observing hundreds of cases I am sure that the best asset any boy or girl of college age could have is an absorbing hobby, a pattern of interest that urges one on, and gives life a definite purpose. The most romantic girl in all history, Joan of Arc, thought she heard voices telling her how to lead her life, and so compelling did her "voices" become for Joan that she accepted violent death rather than disobey them. The first condition of romantic living is to find for oneself a ruling passion that will prove strong, even in death.

The most distinguished, and in many ways the most romantic, of modern women's careers is that of Jane Addams, whose consuming desire to do social welfare work was so great that she was not deterred even by the garbage and brickbats with which her tough Chicago neighbors greeted

MANY years ago, on a warm afternoon in September, I was riding on a local train in New England. It was filled, almost entirely, with girls of seventeen and eighteen years who were on their way to become freshmen in a famous college in a small New England town. Soon they would be climbing out of the train into the busses that were to take them and their suitcases up the steep hill that led from the station to the campus. And, as the engine chugged its way up the green valley toward the last stop, it was interesting to study the expressions on their faces. All were eager to know what this experience was going to be like—this new experience which was so different from anything that had ever happened to them before. Many of these girls had been prominent in their local high schools. Would they stand out in the new crowd, or would they be surpassed by others who were a little cleverer, a little stronger, a little better trained? They had admiring friends and relatives who expected to see them make their mark in the world. Would they live up to the expectations of the friends at home, or disappoint them by failing to keep up with the new procession?

The march of time has brought the freshmen of that September forward into the high noon of their careers, and their college instructors have had an opportunity to see what life has done to them, and what they have done to life. They have met with varying degrees of happiness, both those who did and those who did not complete their college courses. I have known enough of them personally to hazard a few guesses as to what turned their growing-up years to the greatest advantage. The courses themselves were important, the circle of personal acquaintances was important, and so was

What COLLEGE CAN MEAN to You

her first efforts to found Hull House, nor by the jeers at her pacifism during the Great War.

Life at seventeen is romantic because it is the beginning of the quest for the sustaining interest that will give you worth and distinction, that will make life vital, and challenging, and forever new. College life at seventeen is doubly romantic because it allows the quest to take place in an environment of broadening horizons, under the guidance of sympathetic counselors, and in a daily exchange of companionship which alters the very quality of your personality.

As a college girl faces the many courses of the modern curriculum and wonders what sort of a program to outline for herself, the most fruitful question she can ask herself is whether her pattern of mind is primarily theoretical, practical, social, or artistic. In other words, is she mainly interested in ideas, or in doing things, or in people, or in the creation of beauty and adornments? Some minds combine two, or even more, of these interests, but usually it is one particular kind that stands out above all the rest. A certain boy or girl will be much more curious than the average about ideas. If you have that kind of mind, theoretical discussion is the very breath of life to you, and it would be a crime against nature to try to make a practical business person, rather than a scholar, out of you. Or perhaps you are tremendously happy in some kinds of active, practical pursuits, but are hopelessly bored and fidgety when theoretical discussions are too long drawn out. Your mind does not leap after and worry over ideas—like a dog worrying a bone. You prefer chit-chat that's not "too philosophical." Then you will find such subjects as home economics, secretarial science, or nursing and health, the ones that will give you the greatest opportunities for self-expression and a congenial career. Your cultural courses should be related to such fields as these. If, on the other hand, you are primarily interested in people, you can find a natural outlet in literature, or dramatics; or if your mind has also a theoretical bent, you may turn to such subjects as psychology, sociology, history, and government. You may be, instead, the girl of strong artistic interest, who turns most naturally to the fine arts, or music. There are many persons of this type, and no college curriculum is at all adequate which has not made very large provision for them.

When you have discovered where your true interest lies, and the course of study that most nearly fits this interest, then life begins to take on meaning by leaps and bounds. Each day offers something new that is worth acquiring, and each companionship that is formed about this common interest gives added zest to life. It is only a minority of students who do discover at once the true pattern of their interest and the exact course best suited to them, but those students who do, can all say with Carlyle, "Blessed is the man who has found his work. Let him ask no higher blessedness."

When wise King Solomon said, "With all thy getting, get understanding," he was not thinking of present-day colleges, but he was thinking of the years of life that go with college, and he may very well have been thinking of certain very broad and vital interests that are too easily crowded out of youth's busy program of daily engagements. Consider, for



SHE HAD COME TO COLLEGE WITH MONEY SHE HAD BEEN ABLE TO EARN SELLING MAGAZINES

instance, how impatiently the average young person allows his, or her, attention to be focused on the question of health. And yet, when one hundred college men were asked how many of them would be willing to marry a girl in decidedly poor health and likely to remain so, only six could muster up the courage to say yes. Even fewer college girls could contemplate marrying a man in decidedly poor health. Every first-class college to-day provides a considerable amount of health instruction and large opportunities for the building up of one's physique, and it should be a matter of vital concern to every freshman to avail herself of these opportunities.

Another of the broad interests that King Solomon would have included in the getting of understanding, is that of moral and ethical standards. Here again it is too easy to be impatient, and to insist that such things will work themselves out in the long run. But here again the forgotten fact is that only a small minority of college men would willingly marry a girl of decidedly lower ethical standards than their own, and an even smaller per cent of college girls would marry a man of conspicuously lower standards than their own. What could be sounder than to make of college years an opportunity for the raising of all personal standards? Not long ago it was discovered, in one of the great universities, that the honor code in regard to cheating was losing ground. Leading students became so concerned that everybody on the campus began to realize that the most vital tradition of the college was being destroyed. Some of the most prominent students came forth with personal confessions of their own dishonesty, which resulted in their expulsion or suspension, but, by this heroic house cleaning, the traditional honesty of the institution was probably saved for another generation. It is hard to think of a more vital contribution that any college could make to the future of American society to-day.

Whether for intellectual or (Continued on page 33)

Madeleine and Pauline meet some gay young people, and make a surprising discovery concerning the unfriendly boy named Jay

By FLORENCE CHOATE
and ELIZABETH CURTIS

The Story So Far: —

Madeleine Jewett, Pauline Townsend, and their chaperon, Miss Rumsey, come from the West for a summer at Granite Shore, on the Massachusetts coast. This was the home of Madeleine's ancestors, owners of stone quarries, and the girl determines to solve a mystery involving her great-great-grandfather, James Jewett. This Jewett left Granite Shore on being wrongfully accused of stealing a money-belt from a French girl, whom he and a seaman, Matt Corey, rescued in a shipwreck. His brother married the French girl (whom both loved), but James, who himself married in the West, named his daughter Marie Madeleine for his lost sweetheart—and the name recurred in every generation thereafter.

Madeleine and Pauline are delighted with Granite Shore. They learn that the original Jewett house was burned, and they discover the "new" house, a tumble-down stone mansion near the quarries, but they are unable to find any Jewett descendants. While exploring the quarry neighborhood, the girls are startled by an old woman who seems to follow and watch them wherever they go; and they are puzzled to run across "Jay," an arrogant young fisherman whom they met at the wharf, now washing dishes in a village tea room.



QUARRY HILL

PART THREE

THE weather had turned warm, and the girls begged Miss Rumsey to let them try the water. They were at breakfast in Mrs. Wardwell's sunny dining room. From the open windows they could look across the rocks to the sparkling sea. The sun was dazzling.

"It's like August," said Madeleine, "and yesterday there were lots of people in bathing. Couldn't we go in for just a little while, Miss Rumsey?"

"Well, I suppose a quick dip won't hurt you," the chaperon conceded at last. "You must come out the first instant that you feel chilly. But can you both swim? There may be an undertow."

"Yes, we can swim, a little," said Madeleine. The word "undertow" had a disturbing sound.

"I should feel much more comfortable if you had someone with you. You might take a few lessons. I dare say we will find a swimming instructor somewhere in town."

The girls thought this a grand idea; but Mrs. Wardwell, coming in at the moment with hot pancakes, doubted if a swimming instructor had ever been heard of in Granite Shore. She was sure, though, that any of the young fellows of the town would be glad to teach the girls to swim.

"We do know how," explained Paul, "but we want to learn fancy strokes."

"You just ask any one of the boys at the beach, and they'll be glad to show you. They are all good swimmers. You might get Miss Pond's nephew to teach you fancy tricks. He's the best swimmer around here, always winning races and things. They call him Jay."

This was interesting, and surprising. That rough boy was Miss Pond's nephew! That was how he came to be washing dishes in the tea shop.

On the way to the beach, Miss Rumsey, Madeleine, and Pauline passed Miss Pond's gate, and at that moment Jay came out of the house, and down the path. He was in his bathing suit, with a heavy sweater knotted round his neck by the sleeves.

"Yes," exclaimed Miss Rumsey, as her eye lighted on Jay, "this boy will be just the one. And in that way we can make him some return for recovering Madeleine's watch." She broached the subject immediately. "Young man, I am looking for someone to teach these young ladies to swim. Of course, I should pay you well for it."

Jay looked at Miss Rumsey coolly. "I really haven't the time, thank you," he answered. Then he strolled off toward the harbor.

"Why—why," began Miss Rumsey, staring after him, "what a rude fellow! I wish I had not asked him."

"He had no right to act like that," cried Madeleine, angrily. "It's insulting!"



Illustrated
by
MERLE
REED

THE GROUP STOOD SILENTLY INSPECTING THE SPOT. IT WAS AMONG THE BLACK-BERRY BUSHES ABOUT A FOOT FROM THE BRINK OF THE QUARRY, A BLACK HOLE, DEEP AND SINISTER. "IT HAPPENED RIGHT HERE," WALTER SAID IMPRESSIVELY

"Who does he think he is? The king of England?" sputtered Paul. "Well! He needn't expect we'll ask any more favors of *him*!"

They went on toward the beach. But Madeleine was conscious of some concern, in spite of her anger. She could not help feeling that, to an ordinary person, Miss Rumsey's elegant English manners must seem patronizing. No doubt that boy thought they were all a lot of snobs, when they hadn't meant anything of the kind.

There were a good many people on the sand, sunning themselves, and a crowd of children paddling near the shore. Hardly had they settled themselves, when they were showered with a bath of salt water. A small dog had chosen that spot to shake himself after his swim. He came effusively over to greet them.

"It's Whiskers," Madeleine cried. "Look, Paul, it's that same little dog that followed us yesterday!"

THE dog's mistress came rushing after him. She was a tall, slim girl in a scanty white bathing suit and red cap. Drops glistened on her smooth, brown skin. "Flip, you awful dog!" She turned to Miss Rumsey. "I'm so sorry. I'm afraid you are soaked," she apologized. "Flip is always doing that," she added. "He picks out the best looking clothes he can to spatter!"

Miss Rumsey looked amused at this bit of flattery. "Oh, I am quite used to dog ways. He is a friendly little fellow, isn't he?"

The girl was openly relieved. "I'm so glad you don't mind. My name is Betty Beldon." She glanced tentatively at Paul and Madeleine.

"I'm Madeleine Jewett, and this is Pauline Townsend. And this is Miss Rumsey," said Madeleine promptly. She

decided she liked the girl's looks. "Is the water very cold?"

"Not a bit, after the first plunge," the girl assured her. "Warmer than the air. Are you coming in?"

"Yes, we were just going to get ready," cried Paul, jumping up. "Will you wait for us?"

"Sure thing."

Five minutes later they emerged from the bathhouse and ran down to the water. Betty Beldon was racing up and down the beach with Flip and a tall, good-looking young man, whom she introduced as her brother.

Walter Beldon was older than his sister, and very much at his ease. He explained that they had trained Flip to break the ice for them whenever they wanted to get acquainted with attractive strangers.

The Beldons had been coming to Granite Shore for years. Their father was an artist and they owned a house up the road. The girls found the sister and brother good companions, and, after an hour or two of playing games, lying on the hot sand, dashing in and out of the water, they seemed like old friends.

"We'll be seeing you," shouted Walter as they finally started up to the bathhouse to dress.

Miss Rumsey had left the sand. They found her in a little summerhouse which overlooked the beach, where there were seats and some shade. She, too, had been making acquaintances, and was deep in conversation with a pleasant-looking, elderly couple. She introduced the girls to Professor and Mrs. Knowlton. Knowlton! Paul and Madeleine exchanged looks as they shook hands.

Madeleine was afraid Paul would laugh, remembering their call at the Knowlton house, so she started talking hurriedly.

"Oh, look!" she cried. "What fun that must be!" She pointed to a red speed boat, far out beyond the raft, flying

along at a terrific pace. A tall young fellow was being towed behind it on a scooter. He swayed perilously, as the boat swerved to right and left, evidently trying to fling him off. The scooter leaped and twisted, but the upright figure stuck on.

"He's likely to get a nasty tumble," remarked Paul.

"Likely! He's sure to," declared Miss Rumsey. "What a crazy thing to do!" Just at that moment the speed boat turned and cut sharply across its own wake. As the criss-crossed waves met, the scooter was fairly lifted into the air, and the figure on it was tossed head over heels and flung like a cork into the churning water. Speed was immediately slackened and, within a hundred yards, the boat swung around and returned on its course. The swimmer dragged himself over the side, and the boat made off toward the harbor.

"Just as I said," commented Miss Rumsey. "That foolish fellow will be drowned some day."

"Not he," said Professor Knowlton. "He's the best swimmer in Granite Shore, or Gosport, or anywhere along the coast for that matter."

"Yes," agreed his wife, "he is. But he is a foolish fellow just the same."

"He is an example of what modern life is doing to the younger generation," went on the professor. "That boy has a fine mind, great possibilities, and an aunt who is ready to make any sacrifice to put him through college—but he hasn't a shred of ambition. The day he got out of high school, off he went and got a job with Captain Perkins. He says he is going on one of the regular weir boats next winter! I've told him what I think about it. It is the roughest kind of work, among the roughest men, half of them rum runners. It's no life for a decent boy, to my mind." The professor spoke warmly for this was evidently a sore subject. He went on, "John Jewett comes of one of the oldest families around here. Once his people owned Quarry Hill. It is practically gone now. What's left is mortgaged and involved beyond hope. His father and mother were killed, years ago, in a motor accident."

"What name did you say?" Madeleine burst in, "I thought that was—"

"John Jewett," said Professor Knowlton. "Isn't that the same name as yours?"

"Yes, it is!"

"I dare say he might be a connection," Miss Rumsey spoke carelessly. "Madeleine tells me her people came from this part of New England, four or five generations back."

Madeleine could hardly wait to drag Paul aside.

"Paul," she whispered at last, "did you see who he was?"

"I heard who he was," answered Paul. "Of course it's one of your family."

"No. I said 'see'!" insisted Madeleine. "I recognized him at once from the way he held his head. It was Jay! That horrid boy! Of course he must be descended from that other John, just as I am from James. And Paul, he must be the

great-great-something of Marie Madeleine. That would explain why he is so dark and foreign looking, so different from Dad and me."

"He is awfully good-looking," said Paul. "I think your investigation is beginning to be heaps of fun, Madeleine."

"I don't know," said Madeleine doubtfully, "for this Jay business complicates matters. It isn't going to be so easy to tell that boy what I think of his great-great-grandfather, without getting into a regular scrap. We started wrong, thanks to my watch, although I do think it was perfectly natural my offering the money, much as I regret it. I suppose my first move now is to tell him who I am, then make friends—"

"How will you do it?" asked Pauline, with a giggle. "Will you throw your arms around his neck and call him long-lost cousin, or something like that?"

"It isn't a joke," said Madeleine. "This thing is harder than I thought. The difficulty is not to appear to be chasing after him, yet to be very nice. The next time we meet him, I'm going to plunge right in."

But she was not to have the opportunity for several weeks, for Jay was off with Captain Perkins on a fishing trip.

IT WAS becoming evident that Walter Beldon had fallen for Pauline, and that she liked him. Both the girls knew boys at home; Pauline was popular, but Walter was older than the boys in her crowd in the West—a young man who had been in college a year. It had all begun with Walter's offering to teach the girls to swim.

"Oh, thanks, but I know how to swim," Madeleine had told him. "I learned in the gym pool, and only need a little practice."

Pauline was more gracious and accepted enthusiastically, so Walter gave her his whole attention, Miss Rumsey and Betty cheering the lesson on.

"That's fine! Now you're getting it! Splendid, but don't go too fast, my dear."

Meanwhile Madeleine floundered on the edge, unnoticed, a little outraged, for Paul had learned with her, and was quite as good a swimmer. "I suppose that's one way of being popular," she thought a little bitterly.

"Wasn't it marvelous, Madeleine," Paul had ventured on the way home, "the salt water? So different from the fresh, somehow, so buoyant."

"You seemed to enjoy yourself," said Madeleine shortly, and

the subject was not mentioned again.

From that time on, Walter monopolized Pauline, and Betty told Madeleine her brother thought her friend very beautiful. Mr. Beldon, a distinguished artist, wanted to paint her. Pauline promised to pose. Madeleine felt a little left out, and she hoped she wasn't jealous. Of course she was younger than the others, but she was used to as much attention as Paul.

The season was in full swing now, the Inn and boarding houses crowded, a great deal going (*Continued on page 41*)



WITH A QUICK PULL
HE LIFTED HER UP

*Some first-hand information
and practical advice for
the girl who wishes to
consider interior dec-
oration as a career*

..... YOU MIGHT BE A DECORATOR

Illustrated by
VERE
CLERE

BEING ABLE TO
DRAW IS ONE OF
THE MOST IMPOR-
TANT ASSETS A
DECORATOR CAN
HAVE. IT PROVIDES
HER WITH A MEANS
OF EXPRESSING HER
IDEAS IN A WAY
THAT CAN BE UN-
DERSTOOD EASILY



By
JAMES RUSSELL
PATTERSON

Interior decorating is really a profession rather than a business, although a keen business sense is one of the most valuable assets a decorator can have. The girl who takes up decorating must have, also, the faculty of understanding the characters of clients so that she can give them the scheme which best fits their needs. She must have a well-rounded knowledge of the principles of decoration so that her ideas may be individual and distinctive. And she must have enough practical training so that her clients will have confidence in her ability to express their personalities in their homes. It is a big order for any young woman, but it is a big job—and the competition to-day is by no means light.

Every girl who is interested in trying her hand at decorating as a career—and her father and mother, too—will have in mind such questions as "Who should be a decorator?" and "What are the special requirements and training?" or "What are the opportunities in the field to-day?" Legitimate questions, certainly; and to answer them properly we must first see what the decorator does. Let's take a bird's-eye view, as it were, of the profession as a whole, and look at each specialized branch.

The interior decorating field is a fairly broad one, offering several outlets for the girl with the right qualifications. The best known type of decorator is the one who operates a shop where the public may obtain decorating advice and purchase furniture, draperies, lamps, pictures, and all the materials of house decoration. Some shops specialize in certain things such as lamps and shades, antique furniture, draperies, fabrics, and so on. Others keep a complete stock of decorating merchandise, and are equipped to furnish a home from top to bottom. Whatever their specialty, their chief business is to display and sell attractive furnishings, and to help their customers achieve distinctive homes. To do this successfully, not only the proprietors, but every salesperson as well, must be trained in the principles of decoration, must have a

CARL SANDBURG, our American poet, once said that the most beautiful room is the one which best serves those who live in it. What a great truth that is, and what an aim to work for in decorating rooms! To bring into harmony the right furnishings and colors and fabrics, to combine the beautiful with the practical, to give distinction to the most commonplace things, so that the whole will serve well those who live in the room—that is the job of the decorator.

If you like to push the furniture around in an effort to get a better arrangement, or to rehang pictures, or to experiment with color combinations, perhaps interior decorating is your field. There are many women decorators, some of them very successful indeed, and most of them happy in their chosen profession. That is one of the outstanding facts about interior decorating as a career—most of those practicing it enjoy their work. You have to be happy in it, to be a success at all. You have to like working with the materials of decoration, to appreciate good furniture, to love color and, most important of all, you have to derive a particular pleasure from helping other people achieve harmony in their houses.

"business head," and be able to meet and talk with people easily. If you are the kind of girl who is methodical, good at accounting, and if you possess artistic ability as well, your opportunity may lie in such shops as these, or in department stores, most of which conduct interior decorating departments. The field is much less crowded in the smaller cities and towns than in places like New York, Chicago, or San Francisco, where your chances for success are very much lessened by competition. Don't forget that the people in your own locality are as eager for good decorating ideas as those in large cities, and that advancement is more probable where you are known than where you are a total stranger.

Another type of decorator is called a consultant. She does not keep a shop, but does all her work in an office, and sometimes works in conjunction with an architect. Her work is very much like that of an architect; she advises, makes plans, selects and recommends materials, supervises the furnishing of a room, or house, and makes her profit by charging a fee just as an architect does—usually a certain percentage of the total cost of the job. She has an advantage over the shop decorator in that she does not require nearly as much capital for running her business, because she has no store rent to pay, no stock to buy, and, very often, no assistants' salaries to pay. But there is a disadvantage, too. Not having a shop filled with attractive things, she stands less chance of interesting prospective clients than the shop owner. She has only her personality and her reputation. At first, it is probably harder for a consultant decorator to get established, but, once well on the road, with right training, good common sense and a charming nature, she stands a fair chance of becoming successful. Her greatest asset is a wide acquaintance with the type of people who are apt to require a decorator's services. If you have a personality that wins friends readily, and if you can visualize a complete job without a single bit of reference to aid you, if your imagination is keen, and you are willing to work as hard as a man and can organize your thoughts and other people's labor into definite channels, then you may be just the girl to tackle this kind of career.

There is also the decorator who is a designer. To-day, she is very often called an interior architect, for that is really the substance of her work. Her field lies in designing special backgrounds, such as paneled walls, and drawing to accurate scale the designs and working drawings so that blue prints may be made for the client and the contractor. She is usually employed by an established decorator for the express purpose of designing the architectural backgrounds in rooms, and to supervise necessary remodeling. Her training must be of the highest caliber because she must know all the historic styles thoroughly, and be able to adapt them

to the problem at hand. She must be a good draughtsman and have, along with imagination, a definite talent for creating decorative effects.

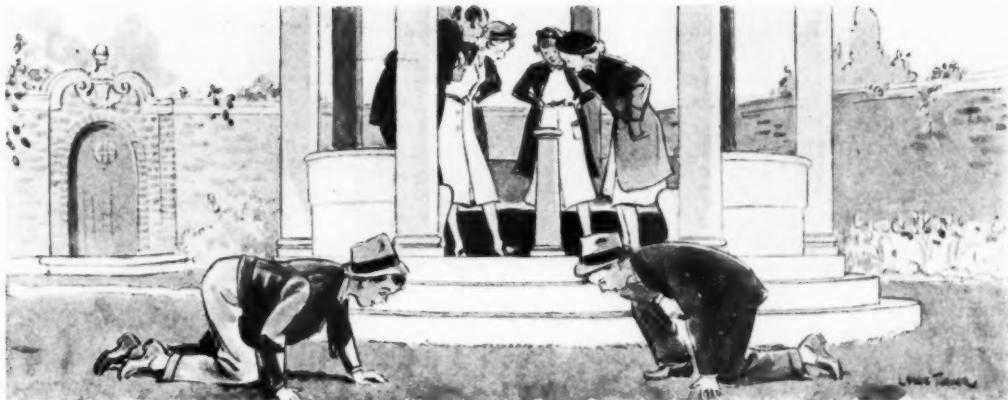
Modern department stores provide opportunities for young women to-day in positions of considerable importance. Outside of the range of the regular decorating department, there are several jobs peculiarly suited to women—women who have artistic ability and a thorough technical training. One of these is the position of stylist, a name which was coined to designate a person who contributes to a store and its merchandise that quality which makes for "smartness." It is a job of fairly recent origin—within the last few years—and it is a direct outgrowth of the marked improvement in public taste. Store executives, sensing this, created a position for a person who could act in the capacity of adviser to the department heads, the sales force, and, sometimes, to the executives themselves. Her job is to keep abreast of all changes in fashion and to advise on probable trends, to suggest changes in design of merchandise when necessary, and to keep the store's standard of style on a high level generally. Great responsibility is given to the person holding such a position; consequently, she must have a good business background, as well as training in art. Stylists usually serve two or three related departments, such as furniture, rugs, draperies and lamps, although some of the big New York stores have stylists who supervise the styling of all merchandise in the store—everything from wearing apparel to bathroom accessories. Those are big jobs—rare ones—and the women holding them usually have worked their way up from modest beginnings. One well-known New York store employs a

woman vice-president in charge of all styling, who worked her way from the bottom to the top in eight years.

Other opportunities for art-trained women in department stores include the positions of buyer and display manager. A buyer is the person who selects and buys the merchandise which the store intends to sell. Naturally, it is an exceedingly important job, for everything the buyer buys must, in turn, be sold to the store's customers. She must have an unfailing sense of what people want, and, of course, she must be able to buy it for the store at the lowest rates. Women make good buyers of antique furniture, decorative furnishings, upholstery and drapery materials, lamps and shades, and all such things in which women customers have an especial interest. The position of buyer is one of hard work and responsibility, but it has the distinct advantage of being, usually, a highly paid one; and, in addition one which permits considerable travel, for a buyer must go to the source of merchandise—to the manufacturer who may be in any part of the country, and even in Europe. Young women who have an executive turn (*Continued on page 32*)



PERHAPS YOU LIKE TO PUSH THE FAMILY FURNITURE AROUND



THE GOLDFISH MYSTERY

By
ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Betty Bliss's Detective Club is called upon to solve a new mystery with a curious quirk in it

Illustrated by LESLIE TURNER

IT WAS Saturday morning and I was on my way to Betty Bliss's, to see if she would play tennis. As I reached Betty's gate, I saw a plump, jolly-looking man coming toward me down the street. He reached me just as I put out my hand to open the gate.

"I beg pardon," he said, raising his hat and opening the gate for me, "but are you Miss Betty Bliss, the young lady who is president of a certain Detective Club of which I have heard?"

I said, of course, that I wasn't; but that I was Madge Turner, and that I was a member of the Detective Club, and that I was just going in to see Betty, and that I knew she was at home.

"Now, that's fine—very fine indeed," the jolly little man said, simply beaming at me. "The fact is that I want the help of your Detective Club, and I want it immediately. Last night twenty lovely goldfish were removed from a summerhouse on my property, bowl and all—and I want to know who did it."

He stood back to let me enter the gate, in the most polite way. He insisted on ringing the doorbell for me. If he had not been there, I would just have opened the door to yoo-hoo for Betty. Betty herself came to the door, and this very polite man bowed at least three times.

"Miss Betty Bliss?" he asked. "Ah—very nice, very nice indeed. I am fortunate to find you in. My name is John J. Millwig, and I have come to beg your assistance."

"Somebody took his goldfish out of his summerhouse," I told Betty, for I really thought the man would never get anywhere, he was so talk-

ative and polite. "He wants the Detective Club to help him."

"Twenty lovely goldfish," said Mr. Millwig. "Beautiful ones. They cost ten cents apiece. And I paid two dollars for the bowl—a big glass globe. I want you to tell me who took them. I'll pay you—"

"Oh, we couldn't take money," Betty said. "We only play we are detectives for fun."

Mr. Millwig raised his hand. "Wait!" he said. "Don't object. Surely your Club has a library—detective novels and mystery stories and so forth. Then allow me to offer a ten dollar reward which you may use to increase your library. I must insist. If you please!"

Betty looked at me and I nodded a "yes," because—why not?

"All right," Betty said. "We couldn't take money for ourselves, but we can accept a donation to the Club's library if we solve the mystery."

"You are kind, most kind," said Mr. Millwig as if he were delighted. "I shall never forget this kindness. And shall we go immediately? While the clues are fresh?"

Betty was in action at once. Her head went up and she snapped into her Superintendent of Detectives attitude.

"Inspector Turner," she said to me, "the Detective Club will undertake the solution of the Twenty Goldfish Mystery. Run over and get Inspector Dorothy Carver, and I will telephone Inspectors Prince and Dane, and ask Mother if we may go to Mr. Millwig's place."

Inspectors Prince and Dane were, of course, the two boys we had allowed to join the Detective Club after they got through laughing at



"I BEG PARDON," HE SAID, RAISING HIS HAT

us, and had discovered that we really could detect something now and then. So I hurried to get Dorothy and, by the time she had got her hat and coat and we were back at Betty's again, the boys were there. Mr. Millwig was bowing and being polite to everybody. Betty's mother had said we could go.

"Mr. Millwig?" Mrs. Bliss had said. "Yes, dear, I think it will be all right if the boys go with you. I met Mr. Millwig at Mrs. Denton's tea, last week, and he seems a very nice man. He is the man who bought the Coverton place a couple of months ago."

"He is certainly the most polite man I ever saw," Betty said. "What business is he in, Mother?"

"I don't believe he is in any business now," Mrs. Bliss said. "I think he has retired from whatever business he was in. I heard he was interested in fish—tropical fish and all kinds—and is going to raise them."

She told Betty to wear a coat because it was cool that morning, and we all went in a group to Mr. Millwig's house. I had never been inside the old Coverton place. It was quite a large property with a tall brick wall all around it. I think one reason the Covertons built such a high wall was because, just back of them, was what is called Shanty Town, where

some of the rougher people live, and the Covertons had dozens of fruit trees—apples and cherries and pears—and lots of grapes.

When we came to the Coverton place, Mr. Millwig took a key from his pocket and unlocked the gate, which was really a door in the wall. There was a push button which, I suppose, rang a bell in the house when the butcher, or grocer, or anyone wanted to get in. Mr. Millwig stood bowing and waiting until we were all in; then he locked the gate again.

"I keep the gate locked," he said. "The grapes are ripe—magnificent grapes—and boys will be boys. Please come this way."

Straight ahead of us was the path to the house, but, off to the left, was a gravel path that led to the summerhouse where the goldfish had been. The path was fine gravel and had been carefully raked, and no one had walked on it since it had been smoothed.

"Wait a minute!" Dick Prince said. "Was this path raked this morning?"

"Dear me, no!" declared Mr. Millwig. "Yesterday noon Silas raked it—he is a colored man I hire now and then.

I let him out of the yard at five o'clock, and locked the gate after him."

"We know Silas," I said. "He cuts our grass. He does odd jobs for the whole neighborhood."

"And he is fond of my goldfish," said Mr. Millwig. "He would stand by the hour, looking at them, if I would let him."

"The point is," said Dick Prince, "that nobody walked on this path lately—not since Silas raked it. The goldfish were not carried to this gate."

"Unless someone walked on the grass, and not on the path, Inspector," said Betty. "But let us see the scene of the crime before we make any deductions."

We were walking toward the summerhouse. It was built like a small Greek temple, raised three steps above the lawn, with eight white marble pillars and a rounded roof, and it was open on all sides. There were four white benches in it and, right in the middle, a white marble pedestal with a flat top.

"There!" said Mr. Millwig, pointing at the pedestal. "My bowl of goldfish stood right there on that pedestal. It was a big bowl; it was this big."

He showed us how big he meant, and the bowl would have been an armful for Betty, or Dot, or me, almost too heavy for us to carry if it was filled with water. Art

(Continued on page 45)



FROM THE EDGE OF THE LAWN TO THE WALL WAS ANOTHER ROW OF FOOTPRINTS



JOHN ALDEN DREW FROM THE CAPACIOUS HAT
A SLIP OF PAPER, AND READ THE NAME ALOUD

THE RED COW OF THE POOR

*Sent across the ocean as a gift to the poor in the
New World, the Red Cow had many strange experiences
and lived to be honored by the Pilgrims*

By

CATHERINE
CATE COBLENTZ

THE little red calf that frolicked in an English field had no inkling that she was to become the first "Community

Chest" of the New World. During the earliest years of her life she did nothing except search carefully for the very best patch of grass to eat. After she was quite satisfied, she would run and caper about until she was hungry once more, and then she was always able to find another patch to her liking.

Because of these habits she grew very big and beautiful, so that when a certain Mr. Shirley came out from London and looked at her, he was delighted.

"That Red Cow is wonderful," he said, "simply wonderful." Suddenly he slapped his knee, exclaiming, "I shall buy her, and send her to the New World Plymouth as a gift to the poor."

Then the journeying of the Red Cow began. Down dusty lanes bordered with purple heather she went, by fields spattered with kingcups beyond the hawthorne hedges, and along muddy roads where the yellow gorse stood bright on either hand. Every now and then she felt the lash of the drover's whip across her back or ankles, and while she was allowed to stop occasionally to eat, the amount was small compared to what she had been accustomed. She began to grow a little thin.

At last, however, she came to the sea, and was taken on a great ship and given plenty of fresh hay. So she ate and ate

until the ship began to sail westward. Then she stopped, and thought she never would want to eat again. Up and down the ship

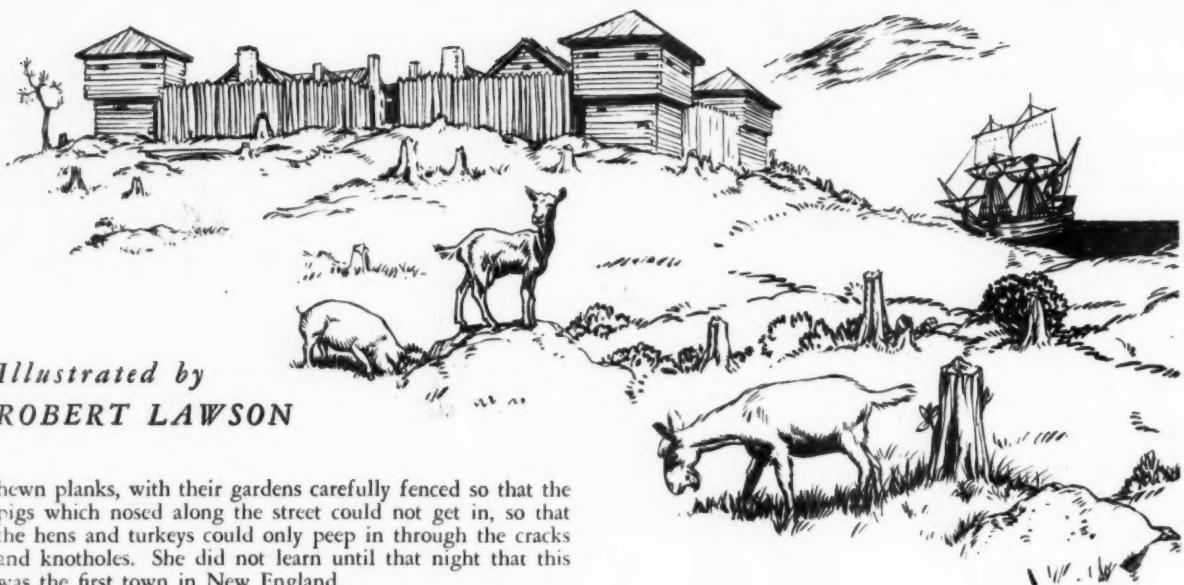
went, as though it were climbing thousands of hills from which it slipped very suddenly into thousands of valleys. It was a terrible experience for the cow. She became seasick. But finally she got her sea-legs, as it were, and by the time the ship reached its destination she was really enjoying herself.

There was a great chattering on the New England shore as the cow was about to be unloaded, and she heard voices calling to each other, "See, there she is!" "It is the cow Mr. Shirley sent." "It is the cow for the poor." And everyone laughed for there were no poor in Plymouth—everyone shared in whatever stores there were. But somebody called, above the laughter, "Then it is a cow for all of us, for if none of us is poor, not one is rich."

A short, bearded man in armor came on board the ship, and ran an approving hand along the Red Cow's straight backbone. "She is like the cows we had at Duxbury," he said, and gave a little sigh.

"Duxbury?" thought the cow. "I have heard that name in England."

The Red Cow was unloaded, and led up the slope of a hill and through a gate in the walls that surrounded the town. As she was taken to a barn, she looked with wondering eyes at the houses inside the stockade, houses built of



Illustrated by
ROBERT LAWSON

hewn planks, with their gardens carefully fenced so that the pigs which nosed along the street could not get in, so that the hens and turkeys could only peep in through the cracks and knotholes. She did not learn until that night that this was the first town in New England.

When the sun went down, the cowherd drove the other cattle of Plymouth home to the barn, and the Red Cow was introduced. The names were all those which the Pilgrims had given them. At her left was the Great-Black-Cow, the Lesser-Black-Cow, and the Bull. They gave themselves airs, and the Bull gave himself the most airs of all. This was because they were the first cattle of Plymouth. They had come on a ship called the *Charity*, and had lived in the town more than a year.

The Red Cow was quite awed at the way they acted. So she turned to her right, and there were four black heifers—Raghorn, the Smooth-Horned-Heifer, the Least-Black-Heifer, and the gentlest of the four, who could not see, and was called the Blind-Heifer. Raghorn explained that they had been in the New World only a short time themselves, and they inquired about how things were in England when the Red Cow left.

THE other group lost a little of their haughtiness the next morning when the bearded soldier in armor came into the barn, and stopped before the newcomer. "Well, bossie," he said, "you are the first cow to really belong to Plymouth."

"That was Captain Miles Standish," Raghorn remarked after the man had departed.

"Why did he say what he did?" asked the Red Cow. "You and the other cattle were here first—don't you belong here?"

It was the Blind-Heifer who explained, for not being able to see, she listened a good deal more than the others, and so understood a lot. "A group of men in England, called a Company, owns us. They hired the ship in which to send the Pilgrims, and also the ship in which we came four years later.

"The Pilgrims are to work for the Company and pay them back, both the money they have spent to establish the colony, and interest, I think. Then it may be the Pilgrims themselves will buy us, but until then we belong to the Company in England. I heard Captain Standish say that Mr. Shirley, who is one of the men in the Company, has given you to the colony here."

Then the keeper-of-the-cows came in, and they all went out to a field which had been set apart for their grazing. There were no fences, so the keeper watched that they did not stray on land to be used for the growing of barley, or for the cutting of hay. The Red Cow hunted out the best patch of grass and began to eat rapidly. But when the Blind-Heifer came close, she gave this grass to her, and found another place for herself.

She had not been long in the New World before she was as sleek and fat as she had been in England. The Bull and the Cows who had lived in Plymouth a whole year grew more and more friendly when they saw how fond Captain Standish was of the stranger, and it was not long before the newcomer became quite a cow of importance among them.

She nodded greetings to the goats which lived at Plymouth, whenever she saw them; and she learned how they had come across the sea with some fishermen, and were sold to the Pilgrims when the goats' first masters were ready to sail home once more. She became acquainted with the great mastiff and the little spaniel who were on guard in the town. She paid scant attention to the hens and turkeys, and less to the pigs who were always grunting about. There was, however, in Plymouth a single sheep which belonged to Captain Standish, and she was taken to the pasture with the cattle. The sight of the sheep made the Red Cow a little homesick. She had known so many of that family in England.

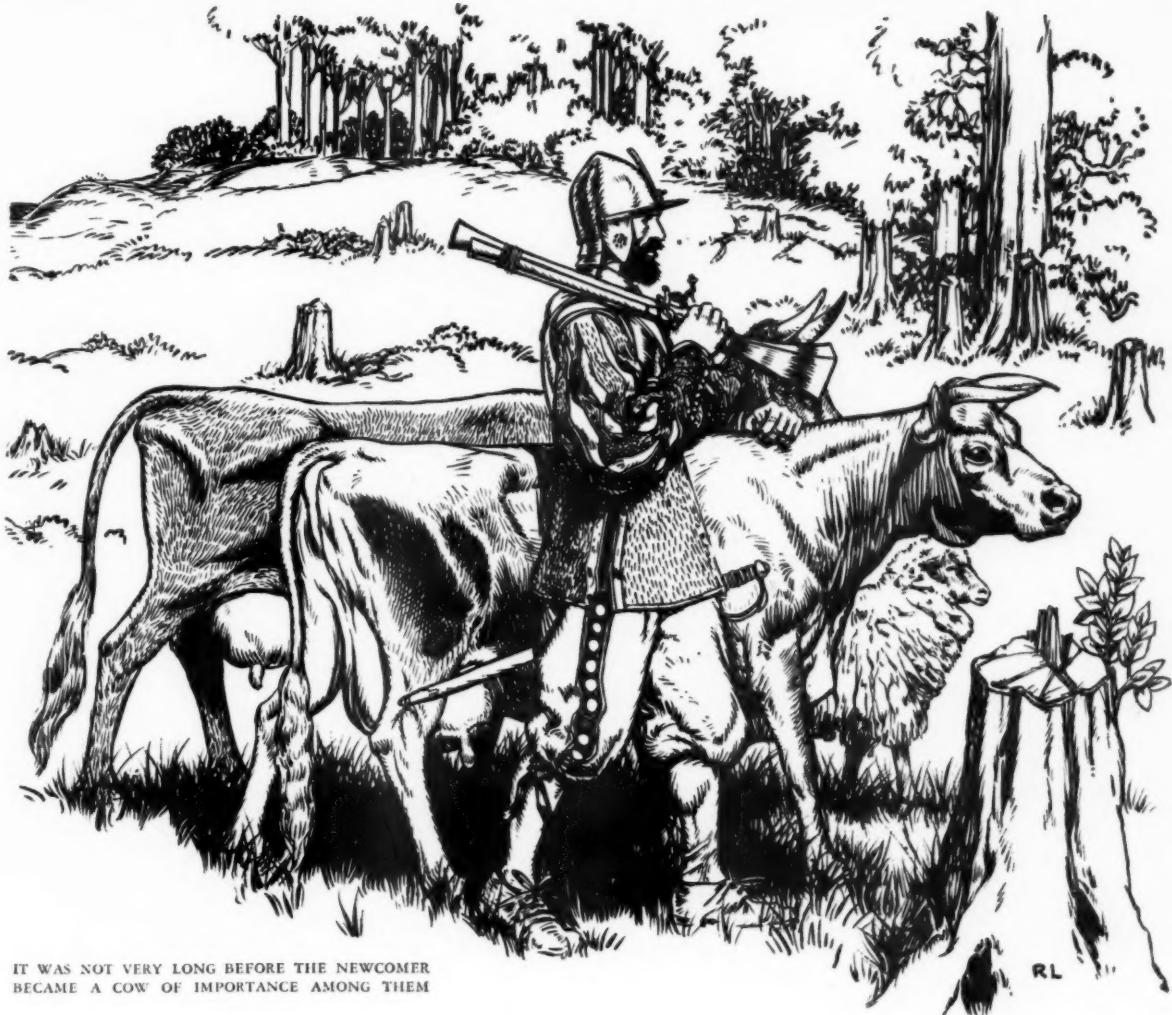
For a long time, all her days were about the same. Every morning she went to the pasture to eat, and every night she was driven home with the others to the stockade. In the coldest winter the cattle stayed in the barn, and were quite warm and comfortable while they dozed, or munched the hay the Pilgrims had cut and stored for them. Sometimes there were special treats of wheat straw and corn husks.

Many of the Pilgrims called now and then to see them, but Captain Standish came every day, and often he brought his little sons, Charles and Alexander. Alexander was just beginning to toddle.

The Red Cow liked all the Pilgrims, but most of all she admired Miles Standish. Perhaps it was because he always stopped to stroke her behind her ears. She would bend her great head down so that Charles and Alexander could stroke her just as their father did, though she had to dodge when Alexander tried to put his fingers into her brown eyes.

At first, all the milk that the Red Cow gave went into the same buckets with the milk of the other cows, and was distributed equally among the different families. For, during the first years, the Pilgrims shared in whatever food there might be, the corn from the field, the meat from the hunt, the fish which were caught, and the very fruit and nuts from the forest.

This sharing alike began to cause trouble. Some people were inclined to be wasteful and some were careless, while a



IT WAS NOT VERY LONG BEFORE THE NEWCOMER
BECAME A COW OF IMPORTANCE AMONG THEM

few were lazy. Those who were industrious grew tired of working harder than the lazy might eat. Finally the Governor of Plymouth said it would be best to try a new system, where every family should work for themselves as they had in the Old World.

So it was decided that instead of a great common field for the raising of corn and barley and rye, the land around Plymouth should be divided and each family should have a small field for its own use, and whatever was raised on that field should belong to that family.

The livestock, too, were to be divided. There were plenty of pigs to go around, and hens and turkeys, but at this time there were one hundred and fifty-six people in Plymouth and only twelve cows. The Governor said he would think up a fair way of distributing the cows.

THE division of property was to take place at a meeting of all the people of Plymouth; and, when the day for that meeting came, everyone was there, even down to Captain Standish's third son in his mother's arms. There was talking and laughter, mingled with the mooing of cattle, the racket from the calves and goats, and the grunting of pigs. The hens clucked, the roosters crowed, and the turkeys gobbled, for all these were at the meeting, too.

Because there was so much noise it was decided that the livestock should be divided first. So the Governor, who had made his plans well, separated the people into twelve equal

groups, with every child, even to the little Standish baby, a member of a group. When he was done, there were groups of thirteen people standing together here and there.

"Each of these groups," said the Governor, "will have a cow assigned to them, which they may use for ten years. And as there are thirteen people in each group, each person will have one-thirteenth share in a cow. Any person, if he likes, may sell his share. You know," he went on, "all these cows, save one, belong to the Company in England. So, after ten years, half the increase of each cow must be considered the Company's share, and the other half will be the share of those Pilgrims who have cared for and fed the cow during the ten years."

Then a hat was passed around to each group, and in it were slips of paper. On each slip, was written the name of a cow.

John Alden drew out the paper for his group, and read the name out loud. "Raghorn," he said, and Raghorn was led over to that group.

So they were all chosen, the cows which came in the ship *Charity*, and the four black cows which had landed next, and the three heifers which had been born in New England, and—the very last of all—the Red Cow. She was happy when Charles and Alexander Standish ran over to seize the rope and lead her toward the group which included their father.

(Continued on page 50)

WHEN CAMPERS...

in the fascinating world of make-believe come redskins, gypsies, Spanish girls, or other characters



SO REALISTIC DO THESE INDIANS SEEM THAT YOU HAVE TO STUDY THEM CLOSELY TO REALIZE THEY ARE ACTUALLY GIRL SCOUTS AT CAMP ANDREE IN NEW YORK STATE DRAMATIZING "THE GRAY GOOSE FEATHER" FOR THEIR FELLOW CAMPERS



MINNEHAHA HERSELF IN WHITE BUCKSKIN, BEADED AND FRINGED—OR SO IT APPEARS UNTIL CLOSER INSPECTION PROVES HER A GIRL SCOUT CAMPER



"GAYLY THE TROUBADOUR PLAYS HIS GUITAR" IN AN OLD SPANISH LOVE SONG—WHILE HIS LADYLOVE STANDS COYLY LANGUISHING, TO THE VAST AMUSEMENT OF THE CAMP AUDIENCE

THIS OUT-OF-DOOR SUNSET TEMPLE WAS PLANNED AND CONSTRUCTED BY THE SKILLFUL AND INGENUOUS GIRLS OF THE CAMP. THE FINAL DRAMA IS TO BE...

PLAY TOGETHER

world of Make-Believe, they become
Spanish troubadours, Grecian
warriors of fact and fancy



YOU'VE GUessed IT! (S)HE'S NOT HIAWATHA, EITHER. BUT THEY BOTH DESERVE HIGH PRAISE FOR THE COSTUMES WHICH THEY MADE THEMSELVES



THE WRAGGLE-TAGGLE GYPSIES FIND A CONVENIENT PLACE TO WASH THEIR CLOTHES. THEIR VIVID AND VOLUMINOUS SKIRTS, THEIR BANDANNAS AND SWINGING CURTAIN-POLE EARRINGS, AID IN CREATING AN ILLUSION OF REALITY

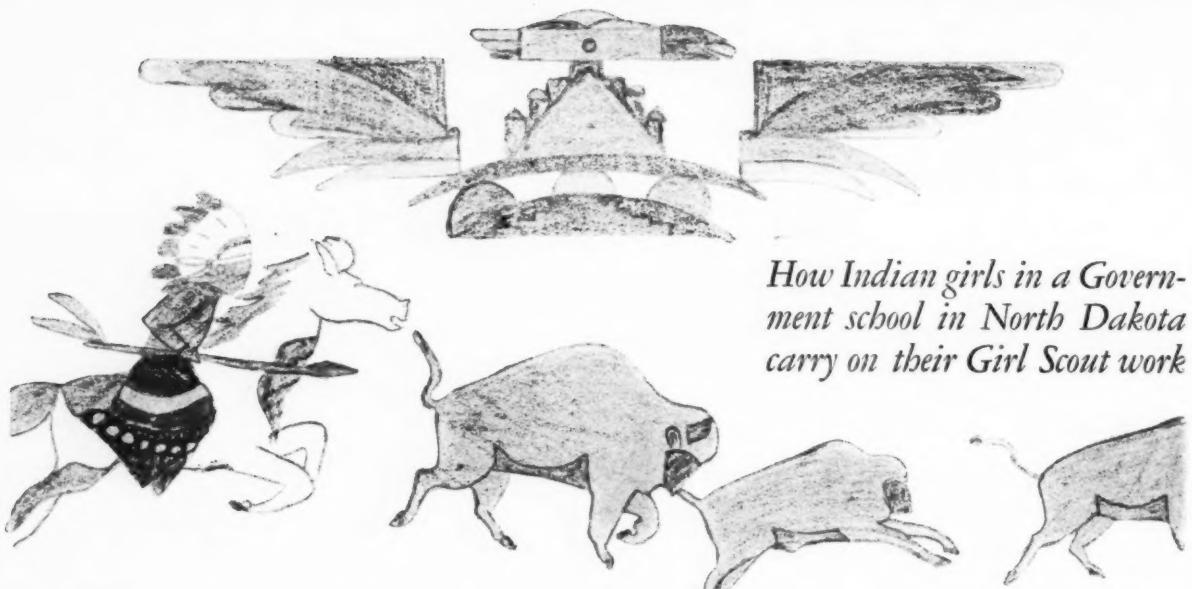


DOOR STUPSET OF A GREEK PLANNED AND CONSTRUCTED BY INGENUOUS GIRL SCOUTS FOR DRAMA FEST AT THEIR CAMP



RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED AND HIS QUEEN, BERENGARIA OF NAVARRE. AT RIGHT: UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE WITH TWO GYPSIES WHO ARE TAKING PART IN DRAMATICS AT CAMP





How Indian girls in a Government school in North Dakota carry on their Girl Scout work

A SECTION OF THE MURAL PAINTED ON THE SOUTH WALL OF THE GIRL SCOUT ROOM

GIRL SCOUTS *at the* WAHPETON INDIAN SCHOOL

WAHPETON, NORTH DAKOTA: The United States maintains a non-reservation Indian boarding school at Wahpeton, North Dakota. The school is attended by some three hundred Indian boys and girls who make their home there for the school year. Some of the children who have no other homes spend their whole time there. They come from the Red Lake and Consolidated Chippewa jurisdictions in Minnesota, the Sisseton jurisdiction in South Dakota, the Turtle Mountain jurisdiction in North Dakota, and from places in more distant States where the case of the child indicates that this school best meets his educational needs. The student body is about equally divided as to boys and girls.

Activities for the pupils, such as are found in any progressive community, are encouraged. Scouting is very popular, and the boys and the girls each have a well-organized and active troop. Girl Scout work has been carried on consistently, and with steadily growing enthusiasm, since 1930. In that year three of the teachers—Mrs. Esther B. Horne, Miss Beryl F. DeWalt, and Miss Clara M. Kronenberg—helped to organize the first troop. Mrs. Horne and Miss DeWalt have remained with the troop steadily during the five years of its operation. It may be of considerable interest to readers to know that Mrs. Horne is a great-great-granddaughter of Sakakawea whose name is so intimately linked with the historic Lewis and Clark expedition. Another teacher, Miss Ida L. Peterson, has been working with the troop for four years.

Besides long-time continuous leadership, the troop also has a good record for tenure of membership. At the district



THIS HAPPY TROOP OF INDIAN GIRL SCOUTS PROUDLY POSE IN THE UNIFORMS THAT THEY MADE THEMSELVES

conference this spring, awards were made to five girls for five years of active membership.

The troop now has twenty-six active members of whom three are first class Girl Scouts. It is divided into four patrols whose names are the *Jungle*, the *Owl*, the *Cat*, and the *Crow*. Each has its own patrol chest on which is painted an appropriate design to indicate the patrol name.

A large room in the school basement has been fitted up where the girls have their meetings, and carry on their craft work. One end of the room has been set off for a kitchen. It is equipped with a stove, cooking utensils, and a cupboard well stocked with tableware; and it affords ample opportunity for all kinds of culinary experimentation, and kitchen and dining room service.

An especially attractive and interesting feature about the Girl Scout room is the decoration. On three of the walls, the Scouts have painted typical Indian designs and scenes, and along the top of the north wall is inscribed a little travel story, using Indian sign writing. (*A "translation" of this story appears on the next page. Editor.*) Other decorative effects are achieved with baskets, embroidery in Indian designs, and dolls dressed and decorated in Indian costume.

During the past year, the troop has given two excellent programs for our school assembly. A basket ball team was organized, and an archery club was sponsored. At Thanksgiving time a generous dinner was provided for a needy family in the city, and various delightful affairs have been given for the special entertainment of the Boy Scouts.

Through the sale of its craftwork, including baskets, embroidery, beadwork, tooled leather, and linoleum block

printing, sufficient money has been obtained to purchase material with which to make thirty-two uniforms. The Girl Scouts themselves have been responsible for most of the work on these uniforms, but they are indebted, also, to the Home Economics department, and to several volunteers from the employee group who have been enthusiastic helpers.

The local Girl Scout committee is an important factor in the success of the troop. The writer—a man and the only one on the committee—can accept little, if any, credit, but the four women certainly are worthy of sincere praise for their interest and their labors. Miss Schreiner (girls' adviser), Mrs. Stevens (wife of the Superintendent), Mrs. LaMarre (school cook), and Miss Jean Blanc (school nurse) have given most freely and graciously of time and energy.

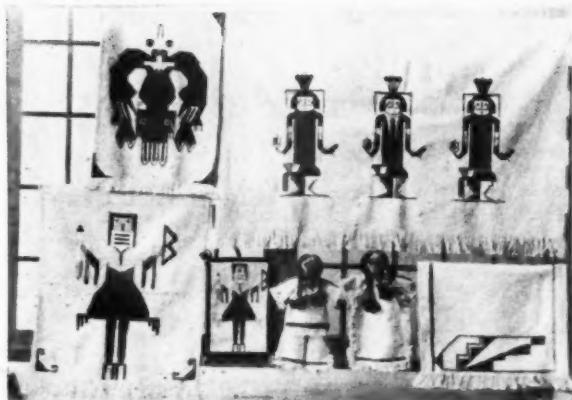
A regional conference of Girl Scout executives and leaders in the Hiawatha region was held at the Wahpeton Indian School on Saturday, April twenty-seventh. In spite of the bad roads which prevented many troops from being represented, there was a good attendance. Fargo, Cogswell, and Breckenridge sent delegations, including committeemen, Scouts, and others who are interested in Scouting. Wahpeton, although it has no troop, had a fine representation which was very enthusiastic in its approval of the conference and the Girl Scout movement.

Miss Marie Aftreith of St. Paul, Minnesota, director for the Hiawatha region, was in charge of the meetings. Lone Troop No. 1, of the Wahpeton Indian School, had charge of the arrangements and was host to the visitors.

The closing session of the conference was devoted to a Court of Awards, at which time official recognition was given to Girl Scouts for advancement.

Miss Aftreith was very much pleased with the work of the Indian school troop. She suggested that some of the girls ought to go to summer camps to act as instructors in various crafts. Since that time one of the girls has been selected as a crafts instructor, and has spent two weeks in a Girl Scout summer camp near St. Paul. Her name is Cordelia Hudgkins, and she comes from the Chippewa group at Mahnomen, Minnesota. Cordelia completed her eighth grade work this spring and is a first class Girl Scout.

Seymour E. Anderson, Principal



COLORED YARN EMBROIDERY ON MONK'S CLOTH, AND INDIAN DOLLS, MADE BY THE GIRL SCOUTS OF LONE TROOP NO. 1 TO EARN MONEY TO BUY MATERIAL FOR UNIFORMS



THE TWO INDIAN DANCERS AND THE BORDER OF PICTURE WRITING (SEE ENLARGEMENT BELOW) ARE DECORATIONS PAINTED ON THE NORTH WALL OF THE GIRL SCOUT ROOM



ESTELLE HAMLEY of the Mourning Dove Patrol translates the "picture writing" above as follows:

"We left camp to travel two days and two nights. We came to a river. After crossing the river, we saw bear tracks. On continuing our journey we came upon four paths—and by one we noticed horse tracks. Later we came to a lake at the foot of some mountains."

"Above us an eagle soared. The sun shone brightly before noon, but that afternoon we pitched camp when we saw clouds arise. Soon it began to lighten, and we went into camp just as it started to rain. After the rain, the sun shone again so we continued our journey. When the evening star peeped out, we noticed a person. We made friends with him and, after setting camp, we smoked the pipe of peace."



The Sports of Yesteryear
IX—TENNIS IN THE EIGHTIES
by Orson Lowell

BETTY'S SISTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

before they had finished dinner, there was a messenger boy with a package and a slip. Would the owner identify the contents of the package and, if correct, sign for it?

Lettice's eyes opened wide and a smile stole over her wan face. She turned on Dorothea the kind of look which nobody had ever given her before in her remembrance.

"Yes, it's mine! You're wonderful, Dorry."

Her praise sang in Dorothea's veins. She felt equal to anything. "I'm not the one to thank." Without hesitation this time she went to the telephone.

"Thank you, Major Gresham! Thank you so much for both of us. It is just right. Everything is in the pocketbook that ought to be there."

After that she took Lettice upstairs again, and helped her unpack her two bags. At this point another tale of woe unfolded. Lettice had lost her trunk before she was out of Chinese waters.

IT WAS an odd sort of week-end for Dorry. Later she dated a good many things from it. At the time she was so busy, trying to make Lettice feel at home and the least bit happy, that she hadn't time to think about what was happening to herself.

Father came in on the sleeper Sunday morning. Lettice was still asleep, but Dorothea told him all about things while he shaved.

"And she lost her trunk with all her school clothes in it, and lots of lovely Chinese things, and she's terribly shy and not a bit as we thought she'd be," she ended. "But she's nice."

"Trust you to find that out, Puss."

"If only Mother were here!"

"We shall have to do the best we can by ourselves, Dorry."

"Betty—" began Dorothea.

"You're the one who knows the situation. Tip me off if you think of anything we can do."

In the late afternoon Father and Lettice and Dorry drove over to Elmhurst for Betty. It was funny to see Betty's face change when she saw Lettice. The eager anticipation faded out of her eyes, and her look said as plainly as though she had spoken, "What a dud!" Lettice didn't notice anything, but Dorothea resented it. Betty was kind to Lettice, carelessly kind, all the way home.

There, at the door, they found Tom. "I'll say we had luck. Look at the birds! Hello—Lettice Lord?" Tom's face, too, did a rapid change. "You stole a base on us."

Lettice shrank into herself, and closer to Dorothea. Betty and Tom had put her back into her shell again. Father hadn't, and with Dorry she was now quite at ease. But Betty and Tom were so sure of themselves. Dorry slipped her arm through her friend's, marched her over to the sofa, and sat down opposite the fire. Father threw on a birch log.

"Well, girls," he said as he straightened up, "is it school to-morrow? Or does Lettice want to wait a bit?"

Lettice looked, if possible, more scared than ever. "Are you going?"

"Yes," said Dorothea.

"Then I'll go with you."

"Maybe you won't be in her grade," said Betty. "They'll question you and find out where you belong—get your I Q and things. Dorry's in Junior" (Continued on page 33)

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for
your
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Troop
Meeting*



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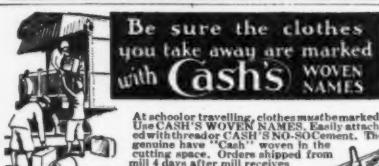
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YOU MIGHT BE A DECORATOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

of mind, who can direct others tactfully, who have a good sense of style, are the types for making good buyers. Needless to say, years of training, plus a very definite gift for the work, are necessary before one is prepared to qualify for positions of this kind.

Display managers have charge of all show windows and store displays. They design and supervise the making of decorative backgrounds, and plan the arrangement of all merchandise on display. It is a decorator's job, and it can be handled by women as well as men, although there are more men in the work—due, undoubtedly, to the fact that the work is strenuous and the hours usually long.

Very often the trained decorator will specialize in selling antiques. It is a pleasant business and combines well with interior decorating. It is a good combination for the woman who has a genuine love for old things, and a fine appreciation of the distinction between good and commonplace articles. In the past few years, dealers in antiques have found little market for their wares because it is, after all, a luxury business. People can do without antiques, in times such as the country has recently gone through, but in normally prosperous times, the selling of attractive old things finds a ready market with people of refinement. Much of the interior decorating in well-to-do homes is made up of antique furnishings, and the young decorator must not forget that a well-rounded knowledge of the fine points in old pieces is a valuable asset.

For the trained young woman, the field has openings, also, for teachers, lecturers, and writers. Remuneration is not always large in these occupations, but the life of a teacher, or writer, is usually a pleasant one, and has a good many advantages over the more strenuous forms of decorating.

The education of a decorator is much the same for any of the various branches in the field. Just which branch a girl decides to enter depends largely upon her personal qualifications. It is never too early to start a study of interior decorating, and reading at home the best books on the subject will give a good preparation for the more technical training to follow. Virtually every library contains some of the well-known books, and your local librarian will be glad to help you get started. The American Library Association has compiled a pamphlet on interior decoration which lists some of the most valuable books. It would be a good idea for beginners to learn from this source which books are worth reading.

During your high school years you should equip yourself with as much practice in drawing—both free-hand and mechanical—as possible. This is a good place to point out that, although drawing is not absolutely an essential for success in decorating, it is certainly one of the most important assets a decorator can have. It provides her with a means of putting her ideas into a form that can be understood readily by others. In addition to drawing, water color painting will be valuable. If you have an opportunity to study archi-

ecture in any form, by all means do it. Everything you know about architecture—rendering, design, styles, construction—will be a help later.

After high school, if your finances will permit, two or three years in college will prove an excellent foundation for specialized art study in a reputable art school. Almost all colleges have courses in interior decorating and allied subjects, all of which you should master if possible, but a thorough practical training in an art school which specializes in teaching interior decoration professionally is by far the best assurance for a successful career. Of course, if you can have both a complete college education and the specialized art school training, too, that is so much the better. But when it is a choice of one or the other, the art school—providing it is one of the established schools—will probably put you in more immediate contact with the actual profession than any other kind of schooling.

Needless to say, many decorators have had little or no art school training, but they have trained themselves, or



HER CLIENTS MUST
IN HER ABILITY



HAVE CONFIDENCE
AND GOOD TASTE

they have been apprenticed to good decorators long enough to absorb all that an art school could teach. They know the things you will have to know: period styles in architecture and furniture, history and design of textiles and wall paper, all about rugs, wood finishes, color harmony, lighting arrangement, interior wall finishes, and soon. Whether you get this information in school, or out, makes little difference. The point is that you can get it in a shorter time in a good school because it is in concentrated form.

After the young decorator has achieved this part of her education, it would be wise to get some practical knowledge by working with a practicing decorator. You will want to know where the sources of supply are, the business of estimating costs, how to put your technical training to work. These are things you can gain only by experience.

The girl who will succeed in interior decorating is the one who already is interested in making the best arrangement in her own room, or home. She will have some artistic ability and an appreciation of good taste. These are basic requirements for all branches of the work. If you are artistic, have a flair for style, and can discriminate between good taste and fads, then you belong to the type which makes good decorators and stylists. Remember that good taste is always in fashion; fads, not always. If you have a special knack for business, if you like to sell tickets to school functions and can keep an accurate record of sales, then a shop, or a position as buyer, may be your special field. If you would rather design and paint and draw than anything else in the world, then you will make a better designer than the girl who loves to read and search out hidden facts about the art; she will make a better teacher, or writer.

All decorating is hard work, for the training is long and often tedious, and the competition keen. There is no short cut, and the most successful and happiest decorators are those who have begun at home, acquired a good education and advanced, step by step, as their knowledge increased.

WHAT COLLEGE CAN MEAN TO YOU

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

personal growth, the college should have a strong appeal to every American boy or girl; and every older person who has seen these entering hosts, year after year, continues to thrill at each oncoming wave of youth eager for the fray. If he is a true lover of life, the sight of each new seventeen-year-old girl at the dawn of her college career, will make him say, with Romeo, "It is the east, and Juliet is the sun."

BETTY'S SISTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

High School. Where are you, do you know?"

"I'm with Dorry," said Lettice firmly.

"If we start a little early, I can take you over in the morning and introduce you," Betty went on, "and still have time to get to my own school."

Dorry felt the arm touching hers begin to tremble.

"I know a better way than that," said Father. "Let Dorry do it. I'll telephone Miss Reynolds to-night that she is to expect a new girl to-morrow, and Dorry can introduce her and show her the ropes."

"Oh yes," breathed Lettice. She had stopped quivering.

"How about it, Puss?"

It would be an ordeal, taking a new girl to school, introducing her. Dorothea had a moment of inward panic. But how could she refuse with Letty's confident eyes on her face?

"I will. Of course, I will."

Betty stared at her. Tom whistled. Father walked out into the hall. A moment later they heard his pleasant, courteous voice at the telephone. "Mrs. Townsend is away for a few days—the daughter of friends—spending the winter with us—parents in the Far East—unused to American schools—not quite sure where she fits into our scheme—Dorry and she hope to be somewhere near each other—my daughter Dorothea will bring her over in the morning—thank you, thank you very much—yes, I am sure of it."

Dorry lay awake a whole half hour, thinking about the next morning. She thought about how she would take Lettice in to see Miss Reynolds, and to what girls she would introduce her. And then another thought came. She herself hadn't finished her math. Too late now unless she awoke early in the morning, and she was sure not to do that.

When morning came Dorothea was thinking so hard about Lettice, and how to make it easy for her, that she hadn't any time to think about herself. Lettice's confidence in her gave her confidence. And Miss Reynolds did put them together, even though it seemed, from the questions she asked and Lettice answered, as though the new girl might be ahead of Dorothea. She suspected Lettice of deliberately trying as hard as she could to put herself in Dorry's class. But then, of course, schooled as she had been, here and there, her education was uneven. So maybe it was all right for them to be together "for a while," as Miss Reynolds said.

Actually she had introduced the visitor at school—Betty herself couldn't have done more. That she (Continued on page 38)



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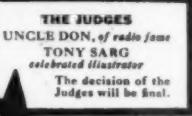
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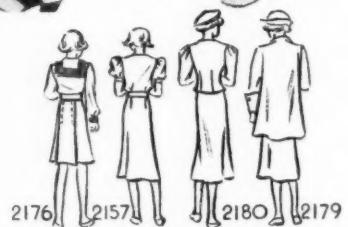
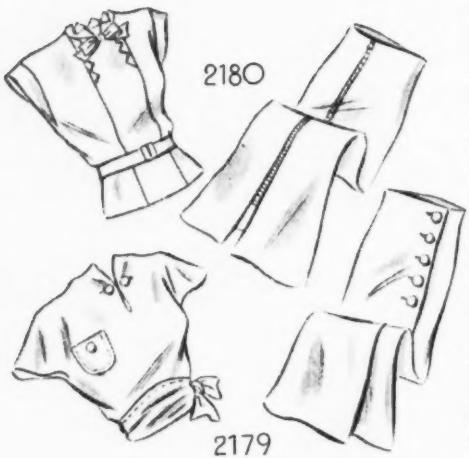
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IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF HARVARD

September sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth of this year will be important days to many people. They will mark the climax of Harvard's three-hundredth-anniversary celebrations.

In the year 1636 a few Puritans founded a little, struggling seminary, destined to be our oldest college, in Newtowne (now Cambridge) Massachusetts—one master living with a dozen students in a small house in a cow lot. Such was its beginning. Close to the house were cow yards fenced in, by palings, against the wolves and Indians that prowled the primeval forest near by.

The life of the seminary hung by a thread,



but help was soon to come. In 1639 an English clergyman named John Harvard left the little institution half his estate—about four thousand dollars—and his library of some three hundred books. The grateful college took his name.

Three years after this bequest a rambling three-story building—the first of Harvard's structures that could be called a college hall—rose in the cow lot. (Our artist has sketched it for us.)

But the small seminary's troubles weren't yet over. Time and time again, through the years, it was near death. Gifts of grain and wampum, from New England farmers, helped to save it.

Now, instead of a single hall, the buildings of a great university rise impressively, block after block. The cow lot has become the famous "Yard," corresponding to the campuses of other colleges. The Harvard of 1936 has nine thousand students and a teaching staff of fourteen hundred. And all because a group of Puritans would not take defeat.

WARM HEARTS IN A COLD LAND

September is the month in which most of the young Americans, Britishers, and Canadians, who've been doing volunteer work in Labrador, go back to their homelands. Each summer a group of them labors at the sorely needed activities organized by Sir Wilfred Grenfell. And in the early fall, when they return, they've usually gained resourcefulness and a sturdier outlook on life. For they've

lived on one of the last frontiers, under more or less pioneer conditions.

The young American men—mostly students on vacation from Harvard, Yale, Amherst, and several Western universities—do such jobs as clearing land, digging drains, and hauling lumber. They call themselves, oddly, "wops." The girls, known as "wopesses," are nurses, teachers, and helpers in stores, orphanages, and social centers. All such volunteers pay their own way.

They are needed most in summer, for then the year-round population of Labrador—less than five thousand—is swollen by some ten thousand fishermen, up to catch cod, salmon, or herring. During the long sub-arctic winters the International Grenfell Association maintains a permanent staff of about fifty doctors, nurses, and teachers.

Labrador's first settlers came to its bleak coast early in the nineteenth century. Ridden by poverty, ignorance, and disease, for generation after generation, they rated a rescuer—and found one in Sir Wilfred Grenfell.

A FEATHERED CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Hollywood has plenty of performing dogs, lions, tigers, and even educated fleas and racing cockroaches. But it has only one "acting" penguin. His name is Oscar. He is a plump little fellow with a friendly nature, a body like an elongated potato, and dignity like an alderman's. His voice is an unmusical bray, naturally enough, for he belongs to a species known as "jackass" penguins. He lifts up his donkey-like voice whenever he's feeling happy, or when he's looking forward to a treat such as a square meal of herring—his pet dish.

Oscar has been one of the stars in three films: *The Penguin Pool Murder*, *Blue Blackbirds*, and *No More Women*. He gets a salary of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a



week, when he's working. (It's turned over to his trainer, Slim Thompson.)

Lots of famous stars have visited him, among them many comedians. Some of the "funny men," it's said, have watched him enviously, for they work so hard to be laughable, and don't always succeed. But Oscar, with his waddling walk and paddle-like flippers, is built for humor. He's funny without even trying. All he has to do is "be himself."

SATURN'S TEMPERAMENTAL HALO

During the summer of this year the planet Saturn lost its rings. That is, to observers on our earth it appeared to lose them. What really happened was that they were tilted in such a position that they were seen edge-on. Since they're comparatively thin—perhaps only ten miles in thickness—they were invisible. This happens every fourteen and three-quarters years.

Astronomers tell us that, though Saturn's rings seem solid when looked at through tele-



scopes, they are, apparently, made up of particles varying in size from that of grains of sand to that of pebbles. Science has no certain explanation of how they came into being. But the accepted theory is that there is a definite zone around the planet in which the stress of gravity is so great that masses of material, which otherwise would have formed into satellites, or moons, were broken up into the small fragments which compose the planetary rings.

Saturn actually has a family of nine moons sufficiently far away so that they can exist as vast solid bodies. Scientists have pointed out that if our own earth's satellite, the moon, should draw too close it might be broken up and revolve around the earth as a ring.

HOW TO FEED OUR TEETH

Each day, on an average, some six hundred thousand Americans sit down in dentists' chairs for dental work: a startling result of the fact that tooth decay is on a rampage, not only in the United States but in other civilized countries as well. In fact, the more "civilized" the land, the more dental decay there is apt to be. Doctors have been startled to note that, in general, primitive races whose foods are few and whose knowledge of cooking is virtually a big round 0, have much better teeth than we.

Eskimos with their diet of meat, blubber, and fish; African tribes living on the flesh, blood, and milk of cattle; Hawaiians with their taro—a potato-like root—their leafy vegetables, sugar-cane juice, and milk; all these were practically free from dental decay so long as they stuck to their native fare. But

when they began to eat "civilized" foods with a high proportion of white flour and sugar, their teeth invariably suffered.

Evidence of this sort has convinced most doctors that diet is of first importance in tooth health. But we're not living in Africa or in Hawaii. The question is, what diet is best for Americans?

Dr. Charles L. Drain and Dr. Julian D. Boyd of the Children's Hospital in Iowa City, Iowa gave an answer, in 1928. They worked out several diets which, judging from subsequent tests, tend to keep teeth sound and to check decay that has already started. Here are the daily essentials of the list for grown-ups:

A quart of milk; six teaspoonfuls of butter; one or two eggs; a teaspoonful of cod liver oil; an orange or an apple or a tomato, and one additional fruit; two vegetables; one serving of meat, liver, fish, or chicken. Bread, potatoes, and cereals are not banned, but sugar, in large quantities, is.

Sweets are best eaten immediately after meals. Rich pastries and soft drinks are on the "not so good for teeth" list. Most important of all is plenty of milk, both for children and adults.

Dr. Percy R. Howe, of Boston, another authority, agrees that nutrition is vastly important, but sounds an additional warning. He points out that modern life, with its excessive pace, is geared up for excitement. Strain and fatigue make us jittery; and nervous states, affecting digestion and nutrition, attack our teeth. So, if we're overdoing, we'd better slow down.

Of course, even though we eat sensibly and see to it that our bodies and nerves are fit, we must still keep our teeth as clean as possible and go to a good dentist, regularly, for a "check up."

FISH CAN BE HAPPY OUT OF WATER

Certain fishes do fly. Many inland people of our grandfathers' day doubted this, but now we accept it as a fact. Carl L. Hubbs of the University of Michigan recently conducted scientific observations of flying fish in many waters. This led to the bursting of a pretty bubble; the theory that fishes fly like birds with an upward and downward flapping of the fins. No, the flying fish, it seems, was nature's first airplane and operates with fins rigid. There is a rapid tail movement under water as the fish taxies like a hydroplane before it leaves the surface. Then it becomes a



perfectly balanced glider and may remain skimming through the air for as long as thirteen seconds.

And now our own credulity is stretched, as our grandfathers' was, when Dr. Hugh M. Smith, one-time fisheries adviser to the Kingdom of Siam, confirms oft-repeated reports that certain fishes walk. He says that an *Anabas Scandens*, or walking fish of Siam, which was placed in a basket, managed to climb out of the basket, to walk across grass, a roadway, a flower garden, and so regain its home pond! The *Anabas* can breathe air through a lung-like organ above its gills.

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Girl Scout Book Ends are made in wood plastic, with the trefoil brought out in relief in an oxidized bronze finish against a green background. The felted base slips well under a row of books. 11-694 \$1.00

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BETTY'S SISTER

had failed again in math was too bad, but Dorothea felt hopeless about math. If you were dumb, you were dumb.

"Well, Puss, how did it go?" inquired her Father, later.

"Pretty well. We're together in class, though I don't believe we really are. She's terribly bright. Now if she had some school clothes, a dress, coat, and hat—those things were in the lost trunk. And if the new ones were pretty—"

"I get you. Yes, I presume that would help."

"Mother will buy her some, only she won't be home until next week."

"And your idea is that first impressions count?"

"It would be better not to wait too long. Couldn't Betty? She loves to shop."

"How about you?"

Dorothea couldn't have heard right.

"I haven't begun to buy my own things alone yet. Mother thinks I haven't much judgment."

"Here's a chance to show her you have. You know what your mother pays for things, and about what she buys. My suggestion is that, after school to-morrow, you and Lettice go downtown and buy the things."

"Shoes, too," said Dorry. "Would they let me have things without Mother?"

"I'll see to that."

Dorothea drew a long breath. Her world was upside down. Could it be she who was invited to embark on this wild adventure?

"But Betty—" she began.

"Betty wouldn't do at all. This is your affair, or we wait for Mother."

Lettice took the great news calmly. "I shall like clothes like yours. Have you done your math?"

"There are two problems I can't get."

"Let me see."

"It doesn't make sense. Math never does."

Lettice bent over the paper. "Yes, it does. Look here, Dorry!"

For five minutes Dorothea listened and looked. "Is that what it was all about? I never knew it."

"Now you go on and finish it."

"Yes, I guess I can." Silence for fifteen minutes.

"Why, Letty, you're wonderful! Anybody who can make me understand the least bit about math—to really see through it—is a wizard."

Lettice's face shone. "I'll love to."

"Will you really?" A load seemed to lift from Dorry's shoulders. "You don't know what you're taking on. I'm dumb."

"You're not," cried Lettice. "I won't have you say such things! You're not dumb."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

does it feel fine to be sweeping off the old porch again! Did you know your father's going to give me a job?"

Mandy nodded. "But it doesn't seem as though you ought to be working for us when it's your house."

"Uncle Reuben says it's not mine," the boy answered grimly. "Seems he had a mortgage on the place, and after Dad died, Mother couldn't keep up the interest. He pretends he'd have let her stay on here as long as she lived, but he doesn't feel called on to do the same for me. He's only a step-

Dorry hugged her. "Whether I am or not, you're a darling. And if you can really get math through my head—"

"I can and I will." Lettice spoke without self-distrust. Where mathematics were concerned, she seemed to have no misgivings.

Over the next problem they spent a full hour and a half. It was odd how many things that were over and done in past lessons took an overhauling in the process. Lettice's patience was unfailing and, strangely enough, she didn't make Dorothea feel stupid. Instead, things dark and mysterious began to clear up.

The following afternoon two girls entered a downtown store. The one with brown hair and hazel eyes took the lead; the other, slimmer and paler, with blue eyes and mouse-colored hair, followed in her wake.

Dorry sought a clerk her mother went to. "We want," she said in her soft little voice, "a school dress—not for me, for my friend. A skirt and blouse, I think."

What an afternoon that was! Dorry had to summon every bit of resolution, every atom of resource and judgment and taste and patience she could gather. For nothing seemed to look right on the girl who stood docilely trying on. And Lettice must have things right, right for her, to make her look not only like other girls, but more completely herself. Color and line must bring out her best points. The times that Dorothea had gone shopping with Mother counted now.

"Do you like that, Letty? How do you feel about the checked skirt?"

Lettice would have taken anything, taken it to get the thing done. It was Dorry who rejected. Her heart sank lower and lower. It went down, down, down into her boots. She didn't know what was wrong but, somehow, everything Lettice put on made her look funny. Either the cut, or the color, or the material, wasn't right. Was the clerk getting impatient?

"Let's go home," Lettice whispered.

Dorothea wanted to say yes, but some inner core of resolution held her. She had come to get a dress, a dress that looked well on Lettice, and she would have it if there were such a thing in the shop. Not for herself could she have braved the clerk's silent displeasure, but for Lettice she was strong.

"Please," she said to the clerk, "isn't there something else? Green, but not so bright as this striped dress—and cut like the brown?"

The woman was gone a long time, but when she came back she had a moss-green skirt over her arm. The heart that had sunk began to climb back. After that it was easy. A pale tan blouse followed, and a soft green one. Lettice looked well in both.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

uncle, anyhow," he explained with a grimace. "I never liked him much."

"I can guess how you feel about this place," Mandy assured him sympathetically. "I've always lived in apartments, and rented seashore cottages, till now. But if I'd ever had a real, honest-to-goodness house that had belonged to my family—well, I'd hate losing it, I can tell you."

"Say, that darned 'For Sale' sign down on the gate—" he asked her anxiously, "can't you folks knock it off, now you've rented the farm?"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

"I don't know which I like better," she said, fingering the tan.

"Let's take both."

"Oh, Dorry!"

"Is there a coat that will go well with the green? And what about a hat? Oughtn't we to see them all together?"

Dorothea was almost afraid to ask the questions. But the worst was over. There was a coat and there was a hat, after Dorry had suggested a change of feather.

"Oh, I like that—I like it a lot!" smiled Lettice.

They came out of the store at the end of an hour and a half, and both were smiling.

"I'm so glad you thought to have my old things sent," said Lettice. "I love to go shopping with you, Dorry."

"Now let's go over and have a sundae on Father. He gave me forty cents."

"I needn't ask whether you had a successful expedition," Father said that night. "Results do the talking."

"Do you like it?" asked his younger daughter in her mother's best manner.

"Splendid! Turn around, Lettice. What do you say, Betty?"

"Very good. Where'd it come from?"

"Batemans'," said Dorothea. "Get the coat and hat, Betty."

Even Betty acknowledged the purchases could not have been bettered. "I couldn't have done better myself. Did you have any difficulty?"

"Didn't we? It was the last thing they showed us in the shop," said Dorry.

"I wanted to go home," confessed Lettice, "but Dorry wouldn't. She sat right there till the clerk brought this."

"Do you know what made me?" asked Dorothea. "I remembered what Mother said, that people gave up too soon. That, sometimes, when there didn't seem to be anything, if you persisted and wouldn't take the wrong thing, at the last minute the clerk brought the right one."

"You remembered that?"

"I know a lot more than I thought I did. I guess remembering is being interested in what you would have forgotten if you weren't interested."

Father chuckled. "You've said it, Puss."

Dorry looked up at him eagerly. "And guess what?" she said. "Miss Reynolds says I have done much better in mathematics this past week. It's Lettice, of course. She's coaching me."

Her father pinched her cheek. "Quite a team we have in you two," he told her, smiling. "We'll have to persuade Lettice to stay with us permanently."

HOUSE FOR SALE

Mandy shook her head regretfully. "Daddy spoke about that. We're getting the place for such a low rent he had to agree to leave the sign, and, if a buyer does appear, our lease can be canceled with thirty days' notice. I certainly hope one doesn't come."

John Fargo said gloomily, "One probably will. Things haven't been lucky with me the last two years. Except," he brightened, "for getting this job with your father. Maybe my luck's changing."

Then Mrs. Stewart looked out of the door with a smile.

"Some kind person has filled the wood box, started the fire, and put the kettle on," she announced.

John flushed. "Oh, that was just part of my new job," he declared. "Besides, those are old chores of mine."

Soon after breakfast, Mr. Stewart, Mandy, and John Fargo started out in the car for the proposed call on Dr. Birne in the village. They found him in, and fortunately with no patients.

His reception of John proved, without any need of questions, the boy's status in that household.

Soon a boy and girl—his grandchildren, the Doctor explained proudly—put in an appearance, hailing John excitedly as a long-lost buddy.

Mandy noticed that they called him "Slim," and decided the nickname suited him.

They were friendly youngsters, and drew her into their chatter to Slim of plans and mutual acquaintances in a way that prevented her from feeling a stranger.

Before long, they had called another girl and two older boys from the house next door, who greeted Slim with enthusiasm and were introduced to Mandy as Beatrice, Bill, and Hanson Gary.

Their father was cashier in the local bank, and had been a friend of Slim's father.

Mandy liked them all, and her last homesick regrets for the Cape vanished entirely. This crowd looked alive; they spoke of tennis, and picnics, and hiking, and were obviously disposed to be neighborly.

Mr. Stewart seemed to be finding the doctor a congenial spirit and, before they left, the latter had promised to bring his widowed daughter—young Ken's and Cara's mother—out to call on Mrs. Stewart.

The summer, thus pleasantly begun, lived up to Mandy's most hopeful anticipations. Ken, Cara, and the three young Garys became almost daily visitors at the farm, generally with some cheerful plan on foot. Slim, who was very serious about his new job, could not always take part in these plans, but Mandy went joyously.

The Doctor and his daughter called, and asked the Stewarts and Slim to Sunday night supper, where they met Mr. and Mrs. Gary from next door.

Gradually the summer became a sociable one for the older Stewarts, also; and all, as Mandy was fond of pointing out to them, because they had made a place for Slim Fargo, in his old home.

Mr. Stewart had insisted on writing, himself, to the inhospitable step-uncle in Brooklyn, telling him he had given the boy a job, and would look after him till autumn. And to do Mr. Reuben Fargo justice, he wrote a most civil letter in reply, assuring Mr. Stewart that John would be welcome back in Brooklyn in September.

"Only catch me living with that bird again," Slim confided to Mandy, once, when they were discussing plans. This was later in the summer, when she knew more about how he felt toward Uncle Reuben. "I can find enough furnaces to take care of, in the village this winter, to pay for my board and let me finish with my class at high school. Dr. Birne has told me I can have that little room over his office."

"I wish I were staying, too, and going to school with the crowd," Mandy said, her eyes wistful.

"Wish you were," Slim assured her. "Maybe you'll come back next summer."

"If the place hasn't been sold by then," Mandy sighed.

"DOWN THEY WENT...IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS"



Thrown into Lake by Summer Squall D. E. Medlock Rescues Sweethearts

"Sailing peacefully in the summer moonlight one minute . . . in the teeth of a squall the next! Almost without warning, the whole crowd of us found ourselves suddenly in the water and far from shore. With the first gust of the storm the mast had shattered and the boat capsized," writes D. E. Medlock.

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"One couple couldn't swim. They went down together, locked in each others' arms . . . But the boy had my Eveready flashlight in his hand. The light continued to burn and he hung onto it as the two of them slowly spiraled down toward the bottom in a well of light.

"Thus, I was able to dive for them and to get them back to the surface. Then, with the same water-logged light, I was able to signal the shore for the rescuers who finally came to our aid.

"I had been using those batteries for months before, yet because they were really fresh when I got them, they met this supreme test. In fact when I picked up the flashlight six weeks after the rescue, the light would still burn."

Once More the DATE-LINE is a LIFE-LINE



They were on their way to the village, and Slim stopped by the gatepost and shook his fist at the "For Sale" sign, as he always did when he passed it. Mandy rather shared his feeling about that sign, for the farmhouse had come to seem like home to her, too.

* The very next morning, at breakfast, the blow fell.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Stewart had seemed unusually quiet during the meal, but it was not until he had finished his second cup of coffee that her father leaned back in his chair, and looked at Mandy.

Something in his expression reminded the girl suddenly of that morning, three months ago, when he had first told her they could not go to the Cape.

He said, gently, "Mandy, I want to talk to you. No—Slim, don't go! This concerns you, in a way, too."

"Would it be terribly hard," he went on, addressing himself to Mandy, "to give up the rest of the summer plans and go back to

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New York by the middle of August? You see, I've had an offer of a position in town—just a temporary one, but it will last till Christmas and might prove permanent. And your mother isn't willing to stay on here without me."

He sighed, looking from the shocked hurt in Mandy's face to Slim's equally horrified expression. "I'm sorry about you, too, son," he added. "But I'm sure Dr. Birne will be glad to have you move into that little room of his when we leave."

Mandy put one hand against her throat which ached suddenly. "Is it—settled, Dad?"

"Not absolutely. (Continued on page 43)



ANY of you have told our Editor that Marguerite Aspinwall, Josephine Daskam Bacon, and Elizabeth Corbett are three of your favorite AMERICAN GIRL authors. So it is that, this month, our Book Page is about them.

"How did you become interested in writing for girls?" I asked each one of them. "Won't you write me a letter about it, so that I may pass it along to your many readers of our magazine?"

What delightful replies I received! Marguerite Aspinwall wrote first of her earliest writing: "I am one of those writers," she said, "who can't remember just when they did begin to scribble stories. I've been looking back, as I sit here at my typewriter, trying to recall something definite about it, but I can't. I know that my family left Nyack, where I was born (a pretty town on the west bank of the Hudson River about thirty miles from New York) when I was nine years old. Yet before then I was 'making up plays' for my special chums in the neighborhood to act with me. Perhaps these plays weren't actually written; just made up in my head, and taught to the young actors by word of mouth. At any rate, we used to have gorgeous times with them; and, of course, we made our long-suffering relatives come and be audience."

"Life in a big city was a bitter disappointment to me, after living outdoors in the country. So, not having so much temptation to be out running, playing games, and coasting in winter, I began, more and more, to substitute my desk and a much-sharpened pencil and a school blank book, for more strenuous activities. It was about this time, as I remember, that I wrote my first 'long book'—occupying several blank books and dealing with the life of Marie Antoinette (of all people!) as a little girl in Austria. Of which, quite naturally, I knew practically nothing at all. I wish I had that book to-day!"

"From that time on, I kept on writing: verse (pretty terrible, judging from bits my mother still treasures), short stories, and long ones. I never had any real doubt that I was going to be an author some day, except for a time when I half decided to be an artist instead. I have always loved color and, to this day, I have a very real hankering for a sketchbook and paintbox, and a gay little summer or fall landscape, at which to try my hand. But I never could convince anyone, even myself, that I had any real talent for it, so I soon put the paints aside as a pleasant hobby for idle moments, and went back to my first love—writing."

Elizabeth Corbett's decision to become a writer was not made until after growing-up

By HELEN FERRIS

Editor-in-Chief, The Junior Literary Guild

days—which she had enjoyed to the full—and her graduation from the University of Wisconsin. "I had a singularly fortunate and happy childhood and youth," she writes. "I'm not one of those writers who was misunderstood at home. Indeed, I've an idea that perhaps people who are misunderstood at home deserve to be. But there! Perhaps I'm taking credit for virtue when it was only luck.

"I grew up in a Soldiers' Home near Milwaukee, and I think I'm the only author who ever did grow up in a Soldiers' Home. The Home was a rolling wooded park of about four hundred acres. Our house stood on a little hill, all by itself, with a lot of old trees around. We always had a lovely flower garden, and an excellent vegetable garden. We children had all sorts of pets—dogs, rabbits, a goat, and white rats. My mother wasn't at all keen about those white rats!

"We were always driven to school, to the envy of our young companions. In the depth of a Wisconsin winter, however, a four mile drive behind a horse is nothing to envy anybody. I have a sister and a brother, both close to me in age. My mother encouraged us to have lots of company, but, in winter, we had to make a lot of our own fun. We always had plenty to read, however; and I always loved to read."

"I went on to high school, and then went to the University of Wisconsin. When I graduated, I decided to become a writer. Presently I became a writer."

BUT how did it come about that Marguerite Aspinwall, and Josephine Daskam Bacon, and Elizabeth Corbett are writing to-day the very kind of stories that AMERICAN GIRL readers so greatly enjoy? It is especially of this that Mrs. Bacon wrote me.

"I think one reason why I like to write stories for girls is that I enjoyed reading them so much when I was a girl myself. And not only then: I read and re-read my favorites to-day. Susan Coolidge's *Katy* books, and Laura Richards's *Hildegard* stories still delight me, and my children read them, too."

"Not that I used to read only girls' books: I am sorry for the girl who does. I read novels and plays and poetry as well, and I think all girls should. But there is a real place for the story written distinctly for

girls, and from the girl's point of view. We all want to see ourselves as heroines, sometimes, and the girls' book is the only way this can be managed."

Marguerite Aspinwall's special interest in writing for girls came about through her work as editor of the Girls' Page of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "Soon after I was grown, I wrote some short articles that were accepted by the *Woman's Home Companion* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. In this way I met the editors of those magazines, and eventually found myself an editor, too. That was almost as much fun as writing—though even harder work. But I met interesting people through my magazine work, and learned a great deal about the kind of stories most readers enjoy. You see, I started the *Sub-Deb* department for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and, from the thousands of things about which the girls wrote me, I came to know a great deal about the girls themselves. I have used that knowledge to make my girl and boy characters more real in my stories."

"One topic about which many girls were always writing especially interested me—the way in which so many of them were already planning their future. I don't mean that all girls as yet know definitely what they wish to be. For, of course, they don't. But some girls do have definite interests and abilities, and are training themselves along the lines of them."

"I can't tell you how many girls have written to ask me what they should study, now, that will help them to write well when they are grown. That's what I call intelligent. For even though they should later change their minds about wishing to be writers, everything that they have studied about the use of words and the perfecting of their way of expression, all that they have learned in the analyzing of character, will help them to appreciate the fine literature of other writers, and to understand life itself better."

What Marguerite Aspinwall has said of the importance to a writer of being able to analyze character is significant when we think of the enjoyable books all three of this month's authors have given us. For unless, through the years, each of them had carefully observed the people whom they met and came to know, they would not be able to-day to give us such real people in their books. For, just as an actor must study people to know what gestures they make under certain circumstances, what expressions come to their faces when they are happy or sad, amused or disgusted, so an author must study to reproduce those same things in words.

It was because Elizabeth Corbett had this very ability in her books for older people that she happened to write her Graper Girls stories. But Elizabeth Corbett herself did not first think of doing it. Her editor—George Thomson, then of *St. Nicholas*—thought of it for her! And when the suggestion was made, she doubted whether she could write interestingly for young people.

Mr. Thomson suggested that she go home and think it over—and, the first thing she knew, she was imagining the adventures of a family of sisters in just such a Wisconsin town as she, herself, knew well. And there were Beth and Ernestine and Marian Graper before her! This is the "behind-the-scenes" story of the books about the Graper girls.

In her letter to me, Josephine Daskam Bacon mentions an important consideration which she herself keeps constantly in mind. "I don't care for young people's books that have only young people in them: they seem very unreal to me. I always put plenty of grown-ups in my stories, for, after all, we all live together, don't we?"

Thinking of the books Mrs. Bacon has given us, we are not surprised that she mentions this. For we all remember the delightful people, old as well as young, who are important to her stories. The same is true of Elizabeth Corbett's writing for girls, and of Marguerite Aspinwall's. The Graper girls' parents are as interesting as they are themselves—and so are their mother's and father's friends, and the professors with whom the girls study in the university. In Marguerite Aspinwall's stories, also, are to be found many older people whom we enjoy meeting.

QUARRY HILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

on. The Beldons had friends in Glosport, a larger and more fashionable place. They all got together for tennis and picnics. They went to a better beach for their swimming. Walter would gather up a party in his roadster, and drive them everywhere. Sometimes there was no room for Miss Rumsey, but if her girls were with Walter and Betty Beldon, she was quite satisfied.

One afternoon in early August, at the time of the full moon, they planned to take a picnic supper to some rocks a few miles away. Two cars were going, one crowded with people from Glosport, and Walter's car with Betty, Madeleine and Pauline, and a boy, Jerry, a classmate of Walter's at Harvard. They took huge baskets of provisions, packed in with difficulty, corn, bacon, potatoes, coffee to boil. They were going to gather driftwood and build a fire, something they had never tried before.

They started off merrily, and the picnic should have been a great success, but it turned out one of those occasions when everything goes wrong. There were gnats, the smoke from the fire smarted their eyes, and Jerry's rudimentary sense of humor proved to be exasperating. He had eaten most of a box of chocolates on the way, and wasn't hungry, so he amused himself by knocking bacon off other people's sticks, and ended by upsetting the coffee.

There was ginger ale to fall back on, sandwiches, eggs, cake, fruit, but they were all furious at Jerry, and a little bit on edge. They built up the fire and sat around it, but conversation lagged. Someone tried to guess the constellations, then Betty struck up a popular



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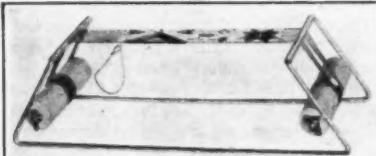
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COVER CONTEST NEWS

THREE hundred and eighteen girls submitted titles for the cover of the July AMERICAN GIRL. The winning title is "Scouting the Deep," sent by Roberta Talbot, of Seattle, Washington. Roberta will receive a book as a prize. Other good titles were: "The First Mariners"; "Sea-Deep"; "Seascape"; "We're Forever Blowing Bubbles," or some variation (sent by thirteen girls); "The Three Musketeers" (submitted by eleven girls); "Going to the Codfish Ball," or some variation (sent by ten); and "Three's a Crowd" (sent by seven girls).

If you think of a good title for this month's cover, send it to the Cover Contest Editor, in care of THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. You do not have to be a subscriber to enter the contest. Please print the title, and include only your name, address, age, and date on the same sheet. Entries must be mailed by September fifteenth.

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song. That went better; they sang for some time.

After that, Walter told them something that he said he had been saving for the picnic. There had been a mysterious murder at Granite Shore the last winter. A fisherman had been killed. And it was suspected that there was a gang of bootleggers about, and that he had been mixed up with them. His body was found on the edge of one of the quarries, and it was thought the killer probably intended to throw it in. The police had questioned the old woman who lived on the moors, but she said she knew nothing.

"They say it is a kind of family affair," Walter ended. "One rogue protecting another."

Pauline shivered. "Isn't it time to go?" she said. "It's getting awfully scary." Everybody laughed, but Betty sprang to her feet.

OFF TO COLLEGE

not the old-fashioned bulky variety, but some of those toasty, warm ones that are as light as a feather. For good measure, you may add an extra pair of woolen panties, or a warm petticoat, either of which you can slip off in the dressing room before the dance. Then, too, you may wear a chamois vest, a windbreaker, or a cardigan sweater under your coat. You probably decide that, everything considered, your oxfords with a kiltie tongue and low leather heels are the right footwear. And you may find that short wool socks pulled on over your stockings will not come amiss. If you have any tendency toward cold feet, or if the weather is the least bit threatening, it is a good idea to wear overshoes, or, at least, carry them with you. Don't be too optimistic over the weather when you start out. The thermometer drops fast on a November afternoon. The warm sunshine is of brief duration, and those concrete seats in the stadium cool off rapidly as the afternoon wanes.

A wool scarf, warm knitted gloves or mittens, and a jaunty hat, or beret, may complete your *ensemble*. The hat should be one that won't blow off, or be ruined by snow or rain. The scarf and mittens should be pretty and warm and gay-looking. And, for that matter, so should you. Both at the game and afterward.

When you arrive at the tea dance, you will be directed to a dressing room for the girls. There, you can remove your coat, or coats, your overshoes, extra socks, and any other extra you can spare. Then, when you have adjusted your hat and powdered your nose, you will be ready for the receiving line, some refreshments, and a few dances.

A WHILE back I mentioned a long day-time dress, or dinner dress, as being the thing to wear when assisting at a formal tea. Such a dress may have many other uses in your wardrobe. For instance, there will be a week-end now and then with friends in a near-by city. They will take you to dine, and to the theater. A dinner dress, or dinner suit, of dark color, that you can wear with a hat, is the nicest thing you could wear. Or you may go dining and dancing some evening at a hotel, or restaurant, in your college town. There are invitations, too, to dinner parties at the homes of your professors, or the local townspeople. A dinner dress, or suit, fits into all such occasions perfectly.

When the college life is notably unpretentious, an afternoon dress would answer most of these purposes equally well, or better. In any case you will need an afternoon dress for

"It is after eleven. I looked at my watch a moment ago."

They rode as before, Walter, Pauline, and Betty crowded in front, Madeleine and Jerry in the rumble. The latter was much subdued now, for he acknowledged that he was sleepy.

"We're going home the long way," Walter called to the party from Glosport. "See you to-morrow!" They started. Madeleine realized that they would pass the quarries and the Jewett house. She would see them by moonlight.

But Walter turned into a rough road before they reached the house, and changed his gears. Jerry, who had seemed to be dozing, knocked violently on the back of the seat. "We don't want to go here," he shouted. "Hi, Walter, where are you taking us?"

Walter called back. "Stop your noise.

We're going to the quarries. The girls want to get a thrill, seeing the place where they found the body."

"I want to go to bed," Jerry bawled, but no one paid any attention, and the car continued to mount Quarry Hill. Madeleine looked back. She could see, far below them, the glistening waters of the great quarry, the dim outline of the stone house, the point and derricks, the sea beyond.

It was just like Walter to do this silly thing, for Paul and Betty didn't want to see this awful place, she was sure of that. They were up among the quarries now, and Walter stopped the car. The others were getting out, and Madeleine jumped from the rumble.

"Hello," said Walter, "we've got to walk now."

His objective was (*Continued on page 49*)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

them so seldom. Evening dresses and slippers lose their freshness, no matter how much you pay for them. An awkward partner may ruin your expensive slippers just as quickly as a pair you got on a bargain counter.

But enough about clothes. There are some other problems I don't want to skip. Receiving lines, for instance. They may be new to some of you. Here are the main things to remember. In going down the line, wait for the person in line to offer her hand. She may merely bow to you instead of shaking hands, especially if the party is a very large one.

Usually someone takes you over to the place where the reception committee is standing, and presents you to the person first in line. That person introduces you to the person standing next, and thus, on down the line you go. If no one takes you, go over and introduce yourself.

Sometimes it happens that your name gets lost or jumbled along the way. Sometimes you have to help out by repeating your name yourself. Just say: "I am Alice Kingdon," or whatever your name is, to anyone who seems at a loss to know what to call you.

Your reply to the introduction or greeting of the person in the line is: "How do you do, Mrs. So-and-so," or "Professor So-and-so," as the case may be. Always speak the Mrs. So-and-so distinctly, in order that she will feel that you are interested enough in her to remember her name, for a minute or two, at least.

When you arrive at a Prom, or some other large dancing party, you may be tempted to skip the line. It is much more courteous, however, to take a few minutes to say your pleasant "How-do-you-do's." Long conversation is neither necessary, nor desirable.

ANOTHER point about receiving lines: you don't have to go down the same line more than once. Sometimes overzealous guests actually do repeat the performance, all within the space of a half hour, or less. This is what happens. A guest arrives at a reception, let's say; she is taken over to the receiving line, and goes through the usual procedure of greeting each one in the line. Then she has her tea, perhaps in the dining room. Finally, when she is ready to go home, she returns to the line to say good-by to each one individually. This is unnecessary, especially when there are many guests. In fact, it just makes things complicated. Say good-by to the hostess, or one of her assistants, and to any others who may be near the door when you leave. Unless the tea or reception is very small, that is all that is necessary in taking your leave.

Up until this point, I have assumed that the girl who is reading this article is ready to enter college this autumn. She may be younger than that, however—a girl, let's say, who has been asked to come down to college for a week-end visit. Perhaps she has been invited for a football game, a winter sports carnival, a fraternity house party, Prom, or Commencement. What special rules are there for the young college visitor?

First of all, there is the question of her chaperon. The custom is well-established that, when a girl goes for a visit at a man's college, and is to stay in a hotel, or boarding house, she takes a chaperon with her. Very often several girls go together, with one chaperon for the group.

When going to a fraternity house party, however, she needn't bother about the chaperon problem, for that is taken care of by the fraternity. The fraternity housemother is usually the official chaperon. Very often she is assisted by the wife of one of the college professors, or some other woman of standing in the college community. The men move out of the house and stay with friends, or in boarding houses around town. The entire house is turned over to the girls.

Sometimes the boy who invites a girl for a week-end at college arranges for her to stay at a sorority house, or woman's dormitory, possibly with his cousin, or sister, or with his roommate's girl. When that is the arrangement, again the young visitor doesn't require a chaperon of her own, because the housemother, or matron of the house or dormitory, serves the purpose. But the visitor *must* observe all the regulations about hours, etc., just as though she were a student in the college. It is unfair for her to be careless about keeping the rules, for breaking them may bring criticism upon her hostess, and upon the entire group of girls in the house. In fact, so many college visitors do break rules that the regular co-eds resent these girls, whom they call "imports," and look upon them with disdain. So, be very sure you know what the rules are, and then see to it that your escort helps you keep them.

If you stay in a sorority house, you may find

the bathroom facilities rather limited. Just before a dance every girl in the house may be waiting to get washed at the same time. Start your preparations early enough to allow time for waiting your turn. Then, when you do get the tub, make it snappy. Wash out the tub afterward, and leave everything sweet and clean for the next comer. Take enough underwear and stockings so that you won't have to wash out anything during your visit; and don't take a lot more clothes than necessary. Closet and bureau drawer space may be at a premium, and you will be a real nuisance with your things all over the place.

You must remember to show the housemother all the little courtesies you would show any other older woman. The housemother's position is comparable to that of a woman in her own home. She sits at the head of the table, and receives with the house president at social affairs. You will notice, no doubt, that the girls stand up when she enters the room; and you, of course, are expected to do likewise. When you leave for home, you tell the housemother good-by, and thank her for the pleasant time you have had. After you get home, or before you leave town, it is a nice idea to send a little present to the house, a box of candy, perhaps, or some flowers.

And now, here is my very last suggestion. This suggestion is for you, whether you are a prospective college freshman, or just a week-end college visitor. Don't try to look, or act, older than you are. Sophisticated manners and sophisticated clothes, a bored, *blasé* attitude, are not for you. "You would be a wow, Nancy," one young college student said to his Prom girl from back home, "if you would be your age."

It is a hackneyed expression, "Be your age," but it is good sense any time. Pretending to be something you aren't never fools many people, for long. College students, I think, are especially quick to detect this fraud in a girl. The girl who gets by best at college, is the one who is sincere, keen, and alert, interested in the people she meets, thinking more about them than of the impression she may be making. Her naturalness is her greatest asset.

HOUSE FOR SALE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

But a friend of mine in this company has written me of the opening, and says that my application will be considered favorably. I'm—sorry, Midget," he said, just as he had said it on that other occasion.

Mandy got up, and moved toward the door rather blindly. Then she turned, forcing a wry little grin.

"It's—all right," she said. "I'm glad about the job, really. It's only—"

"Only what, Midget?" he asked her anxiously.

Mandy had all the modern girl's horror of sentiment, but some impulse, too quick for her own gay bravado to check, made her lay her hand on the white-painted door jamb as if it were something alive that she touched.

"I've never lived in a real—*home* before," she said, and went hastily out of the room.

Mr. Stewart, gazing after her with startled eyes, looked suddenly thoughtful.

The next week went by on leaden feet. Mandy and Slim wore sober faces, and Ken and Cara and the Garys caught the contagion of gloom.

Even the Doctor and Mr. Gary drove out one evening, especially to express their regrets, and sat on the porch talking to Mr. Stewart a long time after Mandy and Slim had said good night.

The second week, Mandy emerged from her mood of disappointment, passing into one of hectic activity. If only two more weeks of the farm were left to enjoy, she wasn't going to waste a second.

On Tuesday of the third week—they were to leave on Saturday—Slim rose from the breakfast table with the expression he might have worn in the dentist's chair.

"May as well get it over with," he said glumly. "You wanted the trunks brought down to-day, didn't you, Mrs. Stewart?"

Mandy exclaimed hurriedly, "I'll go with you," and dashed after him, carefully keeping her face averted.

Mr. Stewart let them go as far as the door, before he said, "Just a moment, children!"

At sight of the tragic faces they turned his way, a smile tugged at the corners of his mouth.

"Nobody's going to be killed to-day that



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A LOT OF TERRITORY

PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK: Although I have only been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for two months, I just thought I must write and tell you how much I enjoy it. I used to read it every month at the library before my father subscribed for me. I think it's the grandest magazine any girl could read.

I especially like the stories. Such authors as Charles G. Muller, who wrote *Ellen Shoots the Works*, Edith Ballinger Price, author of the Bushy and Lofty stories, and the Meg and Phyl stories by Mary Avery Glen, can't be beaten! Bushy and Lofty are so good you just can't help thinking they're real friends of yours. The way Lofty treats Bushy is very like the way my brother picks on me. But I don't mind him, just as Bushy ignores Lofty.

I like the Girl Scout features because they are the only way I can get information concerning Scouts. Our town does not have any Girl Scout organizations. I wish we did, though, because I'm so anxious to join.

The only thing that I have to find fault with is that you should have many more articles on the movies. Otherwise THE AMERICAN GIRL is the most wonderful magazine in the world, (and that takes in a lot of territory).

Dorothy Weller

HELPFUL TO THE TROOP

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: I love the stories about Bushy and her "pet" brother Lofty, and also about Meg and Phyl and their Aunt Marcia. I wish that there could be more stories with the same characters. I enjoy the poems very much and the articles I find interesting and helpful, but the one thing I enjoy the most is *Sports of Yesteryear*.

This magazine is not only useful, enjoyable, and helpful to me, but to Troop 124 of which I am a member. For example, our captain suggested that each patrol have its own puppet show and present it at a certain time. Well, the girls in my patrol had the hardest time to choose a play till they saw my April AMERICAN GIRL. They suggested that we use the story that the girls of the Bluebell Troop used, and I think it will be a success.

June Harriette Cina

MARY WANTS MORE HORSE STORIES

THOMPSON FALLS, MONTANA: I must write to tell you how excellent the July issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL was. *Quarry Hill*, first of all, I think is going to prove the most exciting serial yet. *Ellen Shoots the Works* was good. *Water, Water Everywhere* was excellent. Let's have more Bushy and Lofty stories. *Road Stand DeLuxe* was swell. And last, but not least, *The Horse That Came From Heaven* beat them all. It was superb! Please give us more,—many more—horse stories. I own a horse that I wouldn't trade

for anything in the world. So I especially enjoy any stories about horses.

Mary Norma Ekeren

TRIPLE CHEERS FROM THE TRIO

OGEMA, WISCONSIN: Three cheers for THE AMERICAN GIRL! Or maybe it should be tripled because there are three of us writing this letter. We are not sisters, but cousins, and we have been reading and enjoying THE AMERICAN GIRL for two years.

Our favorites are Bushy and Lofty, and Meg and Phyl. Please have more! *The Mouse Party* was swell, and *Water, Water Everywhere* couldn't be improved. To our notion, Lofty is just like most big brothers.

Ruby Meier, Grace Rhody,
and Jeanette Kudma

THE GIRL SCOUTS' TREASURE

LAURENCEBURG, INDIANA: Here is a poem written for THE AMERICAN GIRL:

What's that we watch for until it comes?
What's that which pleases our Girl Scout chums?
What is it we love beyond all measure?
What magazine is the Girl Scouts' treasure?

We love the stories of adventure and mystery
Equally well as the ones about history,
Enjoy the characters and their latest pranks,
And to the authors we give our warmest thanks.

Natalie Warneford

ELEANOR RAISES THE FLAG

QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS: I can't tell you how much I have enjoyed THE AMERICAN GIRL. My sister takes the magazine, and I read it. I have been sick for two years. I think *Don't Be Mussy* is just grand and *Ellen Shoots the Works* is also marvelous. I am crazy about *Jean and Joan*, and I like Phyl and Meg, and Lofty and Bushy. They are great. I think everything is perfect. Let's raise the flag for THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Eleanor Chase

A CLASS CHRISTMAS PRESENT

POLK, PENNSYLVANIA: I think THE AMERICAN GIRL magazine is one of the most interesting I've ever read. Any girl who doesn't read it doesn't know what she is missing.

I read *Sue Goes to Holland* and it made me feel as though I were Sue, myself. Geography

is one of my studies in school and *Sue Goes to Holland* gave me a better idea of what Holland is really like. *Where Is Sylvia?* is on my list of favorite stories, too.

Around Christmas time, my teacher asked the pupils of her class what they would like to have for a Christmas present for the class. The majority voted for THE AMERICAN GIRL magazine because they liked it so well.

Stella Tomaszewski

POINTERS ON DRAWING

NEW AUGUSTA, INDIANA: I have just received my July issue and I think it is the best ever. The cover looks so cool and refreshing!

Of all the stories in it this month, I believe I like *Water, Water Everywhere* best of all. I'm looking forward to more Bushy and Lofty stories.

The article, *Pencil Magic*, by Chester March was simply grand! I enjoyed it because I like to draw and sketch and it gave me lots of pointers on drawing.

The first thing I turn to, when I get my magazine, is *Jean and Joan*. I think they are very clever.

I liked the Meg and Phyl story and the Ellen Wakefield story, but Lofty and Bushy still rank first!

Patty Bridgins

HAPPY FISH

NEWTON, KANSAS: I feel as though I owe a long letter to THE AMERICAN GIRL to tell how much I enjoy it. I know I couldn't get along without it. I have just gone through reading most of the stories in the July magazine. I think the best stories were *Road Stand DeLuxe* with Meg and Phyllis, and also *Water, Water Everywhere* with Bushy and Lofty. The thrilling mystery, *Quarry Hill*, has me so excited I can't wait for the next magazine. I also think the cover for July was great. Those little fish look as happy as I do when I see our mailman with my AMERICAN GIRL.

Pauline Marie Drumm

A TOAST TO MR. COFFIN

PORTRAGE, PENNSYLVANIA: I've written to you before, but when I picked up my magazine this time I decided I must write again.

The story, *The Horse That Came From Heaven*, was one of the deciding factors. I certainly enjoyed it.

But what I appreciated most of all was the poem by Robert Tristram Coffin. I read his poems before in the magazine and liked them. I was afraid that maybe we wouldn't have any more from his pen. I'm glad a Pulitzer Prize winner is still going to write for us.

Here's a toast to THE AMERICAN GIRL and Mr. Coffin. May they both keep up the good work!

Genevieve Boucher

I know of," he observed mildly. "Come back here—I want to speak to you both. We—eh—won't need those trunks this morning, Slim."

Their expressions puzzled and slightly wary, the boy and girl waited. Mr. Stewart folded his napkin with deliberation.

"You've both been so busy this past week, saying good-by to all your favorite spots," he said, "I don't suppose you've noticed that I've been rather busy myself, coming and going between here and the village."

Mandy shook her head, but Slim eyed her father with new attention.

"No—I thought not," Mr. Stewart resumed. "Perhaps, however, you'll recall the night, a week ago, when Dr. Birne and Mr. Gary sat a long time on the porch with me."

Both young heads nodded vigorously.

"They really came," said Mr. Stewart, enjoying their impatience, "to sound me out as to how I would regard the offer of a bank position here in Evanston. The auditor of the National—where Mr. Gary is cashier, as you know—is leaving, and they have been considering me for his place. Mr. Gary happens to be a cousin of one of the heads of

my old firm, and they got together on my record. And—to make the usual long story short—they're offering me the vacancy."

He put up his hand quickly, as Mandy would have burst into a torrent of words.

"Just a moment, Midget—I want you to have the whole picture. You see, your mother and I want you to decide, because we believe it will matter most to you. The pay here won't be as much as that of the New York job, but of course our expenses will be proportionately less on the farm. Oh, yes—I was almost forgetting that buying the farm is a part of the plan, if we stay here. The bank has agreed to arrange a mortgage on easy payments. We'd have that 'real home' you're so keen on—"

He broke off then, of necessity, for Mandy had her arms about his neck, cutting off his wind with her vehemence. Then, as suddenly as she had flung herself on him, she drew back, and studied his face.

"But—what about you, Daddy?" she asked. "Won't you miss the city—you and Mums?"

"No, I really don't believe we will," he returned thoughtfully. "Not seriously. I fancy the sense of security—" he was talking

to her now as if she had been his contemporary—"owning our own home, and being surrounded with good friends such as we've made this summer—having, as you might put it, a sort of stake in the community—no, I think all that will more than make up for some small inconveniences. And you'll remember that your mother was born on a farm. She likes the idea of a home, too."

After a moment he went on, as neither of his listeners seemed able to speak, "I am proposing to put in a pipeless furnace, and a bathroom. I can arrange a loan on some stock I own—Mr. Gary and I have gone into that, and he advises it. Oh, and Slim—" he turned, smiling broadly, "you'll have to give up those other furnace plans of yours for the winter, and concentrate on one furnace here. That—with the rest of the chores and your school work, will keep you pretty busy, I'm afraid. Hi, there, son, where are you going?"

"To knock that darned sign down," Slim called back triumphantly. "Come on, Mandy!"

Three minutes later, they had hacked it off the gatepost with immense satisfaction, and removed it to the woodshed where they chopped it up, then and there, into kindling wood.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

THE GOLDFISH MYSTERY

Dane and Dick Prince walked up the steps of the summerhouse; they were eager to be first. Betty turned to me.

"The *Omnibus of Crime* will be one," she said, and I looked at her. I did not know what she was talking about.

"What?" I asked. "What did you say?"

"The *Omnibus of Crime*," she repeated. "It's a book. I think that is one of the books we will buy with the reward money."

"My goodness!" I exclaimed. "You must be very sure we will win the reward. You talk as if you had solved the mystery already."

"Perhaps I have, Inspector," Betty said, with a twinkle in her eye. "I have one clue, anyway. But let us proceed."

We went up the three steps into the summerhouse, and Dick Prince was pointing out things to Dot and Art while Mr. Millwig stood by, rubbing his hands.

"A little water spilled on the floor, but not much," Dick was saying. "A little water spilled on the pedestal top, but only a little. Was the bowl very full, Mr. Millwig?"

"Now, that's a clever question," Mr. Millwig said. "The bowl was brimful at midnight last night when I left the summerhouse. I sat here, smoking a cigar."

"Here is the ash by this bench," said Art, pointing.

"Clever! Clever!" cried Mr. Millwig. "That's where I sat, true enough. But what do you deduce from the bowl being full, sir?"

"It is too soon to deduce anything positively," Betty said, quite grandly. "but I think it means that the bowl of goldfish was not taken by a boy, or a girl. No boy, or girl, could have taken the bowl from the pedestal without spilling more water than was spilled here."

"Clever, Miss Betty!" Mr. Millwig beamed.

"I'd rather you called me Superintendent Bliss when we are at work, if you don't mind," Betty said. "It is one of the rules of the Club."

"Quite right, Superintendent," said Mr. Millwig. "We must obey the rules. But what are your Inspectors doing now?"

Dick and Art were on their hands and knees crawling on the grass around the summerhouse, feeling it with their hands. Dot had

picked up a small fish-net scoop from the floor, a net about as big as a teacup, with a wire handle a foot long.

"This is dry, Superintendent," she said to Betty. "That means it was not used to dip the fish out of the bowl, I thought maybe the thief had come with a jar to put the fish in."

"Then what became of the big glass bowl?" asked Betty, and all Dot could say was, "Well—" rather doubtfully. By this time Dick and Art were through crawling around the summerhouse.

"No water anywhere on the grass," Art said. "I thought we might know in which direction the bowl was carried away if we found water spilled. But it settles one thing—a man or a woman took the bowl, water and all."

"Unless it was taken by a large strong boy, perhaps?" suggested Mr. Millwig. "And, as for the direction the party took, may I show you something that might be a clue?"

With that he led us across the grass, to the left of the summerhouse, and stopped where the grass ended and a large vegetable garden began. Off to one side, we could see the grapes he had mentioned, the vines climbing over a dozen trellises. To the other side were hundreds of dahlia plants, all wilted now. Mr. Millwig noticed Betty looking at them.

"All gone," he said, rather sadly. "The frost got them last night. My asters are still fine. Well, here is what I meant."

As it was late in the season, quite a lot of the vegetable garden had been cleared out. The lettuce and beans and so on were gone, and the ground where they had been was carefully raked and smoothed from the edge of the lawn to the tall brick wall.

"There," said Mr. Millwig. "See that?"

It was easy enough to see what he meant. From the wall to the edge of the lawn were footprints, such as anyone would make if he climbed over the wall and went toward the summerhouse. And this was not all: from the edge of the lawn to the wall was another row.

"What ho!" Dick Prince cried. "I'll say it is a clue! This shows what happened. Someone climbed over the wall, took the goldfish, and went back the same way. This settles it."

"Clever!" Mr. Millwig began, but Betty cried, "Stop!"—because Art and Dick—and

I, too—were about to walk on the garden.

"Don't walk there," Betty ordered. "Don't destroy those footprints. They are most important." And immediately she took charge of matters as she had not bothered to do before then. "Keep well back from those rows of footprints," she said. "Inspector Dot and Inspector Madge will come on this side with me; Inspectors Prince and Dane may take the other side. Mr. Millwig—"

"I'll just stand here," said Mr. Millwig.

"As you please," said Betty. "What do you make of these footprints, Inspector Prince?"

"Well, Superintendent," Dick answered, "what can anyone make of them except what I said? Someone climbed over the wall—that's clear enough; he couldn't very well come through it. He walked across here, leaving his footprints. He went into the summerhouse, took the goldfish, came back to the wall, and climbed over. Now the thing to do is to study these footprints. Then we find the man who has shoes that match the footprints. Silas, for instance. I'd try Silas first."

"And you, Inspector Dane?" asked Betty.

"It looks plain enough to me, just as Dick says," Art began, but Betty stopped him.

"Dick" she asked. "Who is Dick?"

"My mistake," Art laughed. "I mean Inspector Prince. I think as Inspector Prince does. There's nothing else to think, is there? We'll have to find the man whose feet match these footprints. Someone in Shanty Town, I'd say."

"And how are you going to match up the feet and the footprints?" asked Betty. "Are you going to bring every man in Shanty Town here to show his feet? Or are you going to make plaster casts of the footprints, and carry them around Shanty Town, and say, 'Please, mister, let me compare this plaster cast with the sole of your shoe?'"

"That was done in *The Mystery of the Hidden Head*," said Mr. Millwig. "Detective Bex made a plaster cast of the footprint in the soft ground under the window of the library of Barway Castle—"

"We've never read that book," Betty told him. "That's a good one, is it, Mr. Millwig?"

"Excellent," said Mr. Millwig. "One of the best I ever read. More like real life than most

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detective stories; Detective Bex works as real detectives do."

"Keep the name in mind, Inspector Madge," Betty said to me. "The Mystery of the Hidden Head. We'll get that, with part of the reward money Mr. Millwig is going to give us."

Mr. Millwig chuckled at that.

"You seem right sure you are going to win the reward, Superintendent," he said.

"Oh, that!" Betty replied scornfully. "I knew that before I left home."

"You mean you always solve the mysteries your Detective Club tries to solve?" asked Mr. Millwig.

"I mean that, or something else," was the answer Betty gave. She walked to the tall brick wall, being careful not to step on the footprints, and bent down to look at those closest to the wall. Then she said "Would you mind coming here, Mr. Millwig?"

Mr. Millwig was standing on the grass at the edge of the garden, and he looked at Betty with a queer sort of smile and gave a queer little laugh.

"Oh, no!" he said with a wave of the hand. "No, thank you, Superintendent Bliss. You are doing the mystery solution, you know."

Betty turned her head toward him and, for a moment, her eyes met his. I can guess now what her eyes said. They said, "We need not pretend any longer. We understand each other," and Mr. Millwig raised his hands and laughed, "I surrender! You win, Superintendent!"

Of course we had all crowded as close to Betty as we could without stepping on the footprints, and now Dick Prince asked, "What's the matter? What does it mean?"

"You tell them, Superintendent," Mr. Millwig said, and he walked over to where Betty was stooping beside the footprints close by the wall.

"Nothing is the matter except that I knew who took the bowl of goldfish before we even came inside Mr. Millwig's wall," Betty said. "All I needed to prove that I was right was these footprints. I believe you noticed, Inspector Prince, that one row of footprints leads from the wall toward the summerhouse, and that the other row leads from the direction of the summerhouse to the wall."

"Sure, I did, Superintendent," agreed Dick.

"As if," said Betty, "someone had climbed over the wall and walked to the summerhouse, and then had come back again. But the footprints could have been made quite another way—someone could have walked from the summerhouse to the wall, and then walked back again toward the summerhouse. And that was what he did."

"How do you know?" asked Art Dane.

"These footprints are all the same depth in the soft soil," explained Betty. "Those close to the wall are the same depth as the others. Now, if anyone had climbed over the wall from the outside and had dropped to his feet here, the footprints closest to the wall would be much deeper than the others. And they are not. So no one climbed over the wall."

"That's right!" Art exclaimed.

"And no one climbed back over the wall from this side," said Betty, smiling a little, "because no one could climb this wall without a board, or a ladder, to help. And there is no mark of a board, or of a ladder, here."

"He could have jumped up and caught the top of the wall, and pulled himself up," suggested Art.

"With a bowl full of water and goldfish?" asked Betty. "Some water would have splashed out, even if anyone could do it and carry a bowl of that size. No, Inspector, these foot-

prints were made as a blind. Will you please step to one side, Mr. Millwig?"

"I said I surrendered, didn't I?" murmured Mr. Millwig, but he stepped to one side as Betty had asked, and we all saw quite plainly that the footprint Mr. Millwig had made was exactly like those we had been studying.

"Betty!" I cried. "Do you mean that Mr. Millwig took the goldfish himself?"

"Of course!" Betty laughed. "He never said they were stolen—he said they were 'removed from the summerhouse.' He did not ask us to find a thief—he asked us to tell him who removed the goldfish from the summerhouse. Well—you see those dahlias? Frosted and dead, aren't they?"

"That's a point," said Mr. Millwig cheerfully. "That's a point I did not think of myself."

"Didn't you?" asked Betty. "But I thought that a man who was so fond of goldfish would not leave them out after it was frosty enough to kill dahlias. I thought you would take them into the house, Mr. Millwig. You might have thought, as you sat there smoking your cigar, 'Dear me, it is getting chilly! I believe I'll take my goldfish into the house.'"

"Just what I did think," admitted Mr. Millwig.

"And so," said Betty, "having heard of our Detective Club, you thought you would have a little fun with us."

"No, no!" declared Mr. Millwig. "Not fun; not in that sense of the word. I merely thought I would see how keen you were, my dear young people. And I am delighted."

"But I don't see yet how you knew it was Mr. Millwig and no someone else," objected Art. "A real thief could have made those footprints to throw us off the scent."

"Certainly, Inspector," said Betty, "but suppose you were going to steal twenty goldfish. You wouldn't try to carry away a whole big bowl brimful of water. You would have brought a jar just big enough to hold the goldfish and a little water. You would not have wanted the bowl, because if it was seen anywhere it would be proof that you had stolen Mr. Millwig's fish. Or, if you had been foolish enough to take the bowl, you would have spilled some of the water out—and you and Inspector Prince could find no spilled water."

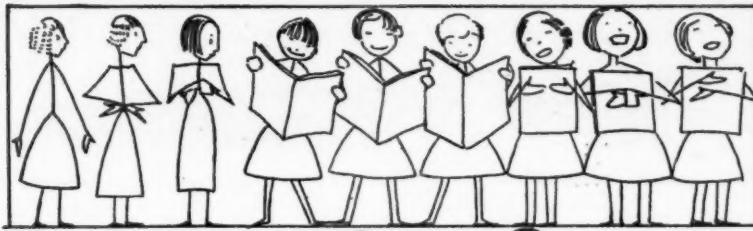
"But, Superintendent Bliss," I said, "you knew from the first that Mr. Millwig had taken the fish. You must have known, because you began to plan how the Club would spend the reward money. How did you know?"

"Why, that was simple, Madge," laughed Betty, dropping her detective pose. "Mr. Millwig said the fish were worth ten cents each, and that the bowl was worth two dollars. That is only four dollars. And he offered a ten dollar reward. People don't offer ten dollars for the return of four dollars worth of property—not if they are serious. And—"

"And what?" I asked. Betty looked at Mr. Millwig and laughed.

"I rather guessed that Mr. Millwig was just testing us," Betty said, "because he did not need our Detective Club to solve such a simple mystery. You see, Madge, I happened to hear yesterday that, before Mr. Millwig retired from the profession, he was one of the cleverest detectives in New York."

Well, Mr. Millwig just laughed and slapped his leg, and laughed again. "The best ten dollars worth of fun I ever had!" he said. He was as pleased as could be. He enjoyed it. He asked us to make him an honorary member of the Detective Club, and we did.



Laugh and Grow, Scout!

Sure Thing

DICK: If I mailed a letter to the dumbest man in New York, I wonder to whom they'd deliver it?

NICK (innocently): They'd probably return it to the sender.—Sent by MARGARET GRAFF, Red Wing, Minnesota.

Loyalty

John was a loyal youngster, and he wouldn't let any remark against his parents go unchallenged. One rainy Sunday afternoon, the boy from next door, who was visiting John, said, "Listen to your father snoring in the library."

"Daddy isn't snoring," was the indignant reply. "He's dreaming about a dog, and that's the dog growling."—Sent by JEAN WILSON, Allentown, Pennsylvania.

His Errand

ANGUS: Just comin' frae the bank, are ye? So ye ha'e money to put awa'?

MACDONALD: I didna put money in the bank.

ANGUS: Then ye drew some oot, or maybe ye borrowed?

MACDONALD: Nae. Neither. I fillit ma fountain pen.—Sent by DOREEN DIPPE, Scranton, Pennsylvania.

Fat



A freshman from the Amazon
Put nighties of his Gramazon—
The reason's that, he was too fat
To get his own pajamazon.—Sent by ETHEL N. DAIGLE, Lafayette, Louisiana.

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

Nothing Personal



SMALL BOY (wandering into school building): What you doin'?

WORKMAN: We're putting in an electric switch.

SMALL BOY: Well, I don't care! I don't go to this school any more.—Sent by FLORA MARGUERITE BRYAN, Lineville, Iowa.

Send *The American Girl* your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

Too True

The teacher asked a boy, "John, can you tell me what a vacuum is?"

"I got it in my head, but I can't say it," answered John.—Sent by EVELYN BIEREMA, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Correct Answer

FIRST: What is three-sevenths of a chicken, two-thirds of a cat, and one-half of a goat?

SECOND: Give up, I don't know.

FIRST: Chicago, of course.—Sent by DOROTHY SEXTON, East Northfield, Massachusetts.

Perhaps

Little Jimmy, on hearing his mother speaking of her relatives as "inlaws," asked his father, "If all Mother's relatives are inlaws, are all your relatives outlaws?"—Sent by DOROTHY RUDER, Berea, Ohio.

Right-o!



BOY: Who's the straightest man in England?

GIRL: King Edward, I suppose.

BOY: Why?

GIRL: Because he was recently made a ruler.—Sent by HARRIET HODGINS, Coboes, New York.

Not Prepared

Five-year old Billy was talking to his Aunt Mary. She said, "Well, Bill, I suppose you'll start school next year?"

"Oh, no, Auntie," replied the boy. "What would I do in school? I can't even read or write!"—Sent by BETTE MENHENNETT, Gary, Indiana.



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When Stamps Are Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND

IN THIS column in May we told you about one of the last sets of British Colonial stamps to carry the portrait of the late King George of England. We can now tell you that the last set to be issued, showing the head of King George, made its appearance in the island of Bermuda.

For a hundred years after an obscure Spanish mariner, Juan de Bermudez, gave his name to these islands, they had an evil reputation among sailors, and even the bold buccaneers, when they saw the low green hills and white limestone cliffs of the Bermudas rising out of the sea mist, gave hurried orders to put down the helm and veer away on another course. Men said that they were enchanted islands, haunted by demons and spirits of the deep, and that the foolhardy vessel that ventured too near the "Isla de Demoni" would be dashed to pieces on the hidden reefs.

In 1609, however, Sir George Somers, sailing from England to our State of Virginia with a company of settlers, was driven far off his course by a great storm. The ship went aground in an inlet of the Bermudas, and the shipwrecked company landed in fear and trembling, expecting at any moment to encounter ghostly apparitions and the wailing souls of drowned seamen. But the ghosts proved to be only shill sea birds, and the demons only herds of swine.

This first settlement of Sir George Somers gradually grew in size until the Bermudas were a flourishing colony. From the strong, close-grained cedars that covered the green hillsides of the islands were built ships that excelled all others in swiftness and design, and the hardy islanders became renowned for their skillful seamanship. "Salt, cedar, and sailors" were the three products for which the Bermudas were famous in those days, and agriculture was neglected. Not a few of the islanders were suspected of being pirate cap-

would enter the harbors of Bermuda and transfer their cargo to long rakish craft, painted a dull, inconspicuous gray. Beside the lofty spars of the great clippers, these vessels attracted hardly more than a passing glance, but they had been built by master shipwrights on the banks of the Clyde, and their low hulls were shells of iron, within which throbbed steam engines of tremendous power. Their papers were cleared for the Bahamas, but once outside St. George, a vigilant lookout was stationed in the crow's nest of each vessel, and the course was changed for Wilmington, North Carolina. All lights were covered except the shrouded binnacle at the helm, and, on a dark cloudy night, the blockade runner would slip like a long gray ghost past the Federal warships swinging at anchor in the harbor's mouth. Five thousand dollars in gold was paid to the daring captain who succeeded in running the gauntlet of the Yankee guns and landing his cargo safely "over the bar." Prosperity smiled on Bermuda in these days. Her harbors were crowded with shipping, and the rollicking, devil-may-care crews of the blockade runners were the heroes of the hour.

With the fall of Richmond, this sudden prosperity vanished as quickly as it came, and the islanders found themselves facing financial ruin. Since shipping was no longer profitable, they turned at last to agriculture, and—thanks to the splendid climate—were soon able to obtain practically a monopoly of the early onion market.

To-day, however, American competition has gradually edged Bermuda out of the agricultural market, and the islands have fallen back upon what is, after all, their greatest natural resource—the beautiful scenery and delightful weather that attracts thousands of tourists every winter. They are also an important naval base for the British navy, and a training station for Britannia's naval cadets.

In the new series of stamps, the half-penny green and the one-shilling six-pence brown show an interesting panorama of the harbor at Hamilton, the capital of the Colony. The stacks of an ocean liner can be seen in the background, and two yachts in the foreground show that the Bermudians still keep up the tradition of their great maritime past.

father never took that money-belt! You've got to believe it!"

"I do," John assured her cheerfully. "I can truthfully say I never suspected the old gentleman. In fact I've never even heard of him, or of the money-belt, either!" He was still laughing.

"Oh, but you must have heard about Marie Madeleine and the shipwreck!" cried Madeleine.

"I know there is a Marie Madeleine buried in the old cemetery," said John. "She was one of my grandmothers, way, way back. I think it was her husband who built the old stone house. He was the first big quarry man around here. We Jewetts were important in those days."

"My great-great-grandfather was that man's brother," said Madeleine, "and we Jewetts are just as important now! My father is building a bridge for the Soviet Government. He's an engineer."

"Is he?" John looked decidedly interested at this piece of information. "Some day I'm going to—" He didn't finish, for at that moment there was a joyous "Hallo!" The irrepressible Jerry was approaching the raft with rapid strokes.

"Oh, Mad," he shouted, "why didn't you tell me you were coming out here? I'd have come with you."

"That was why," returned Madeleine frankly.

But Jerry wasn't a bit put out. "When I saw you plugging away, miles from shore, I said, 'There goes Madeleine. She must be mad!' Ha, ha!"

RED COW OF THE POOR

"Now," said the Governor, "this cow really belongs to Plymouth, to the poor of Plymouth. Up to this time we have had no poor, for we have all shared alike. But now that we have divided the cows among us, we will divide the goats and the pigs, and the land. There will be some people who will sell what is given them; and there will be those who will not be willing to work as hard as others. These will probably become poor. Still others will have illness and misfortune and, through no fault of their own, they may also become poor."

"So," he continued, "at the end of ten years those who own shares then in the Red Cow will give half of such livestock as may have been produced from her line to the Plymouth poor. And the remainder will belong to the share owners."

Everyone said this was fair. After that, the Red Cow was known as the Red-Cow-of-the-Poor. Captain Standish held one share in her, his wife another share, and each of the three children, even to the baby, likewise had a ten-year share.

VERY soon Miles Standish was able to buy the other shares in the Red-Cow-of-the-Poor. For six shares owned by the members of one family he gave five pounds and ten shillings worth of corn, and to the owners of the other two shares he gave a ewe lamb apiece, born of the sheep which was his own.

The Red-Cow-of-the-Poor was glad she was going to live with the Captain for ten whole years. She ate all the grass she possibly could, for she knew that, in the future, the poor of Plymouth would have to depend upon her. Her baby calves were born strong and healthy, and, like their mother, they had splendid appetites.

Madeleine hated jokes on her name. She had heard them so often. She tried to quash Jerry's humor by introducing him to her cousin, "Mr. John Jewett."

"Pleased to meet you," Jerry responded and rattled on, "The whole beach is in an uproar. Rumsey Bumsey is standing knee-deep in the brine, wringing her hands—"

Madeleine saw she would have no more chance of conversation with John, so she declared that she had rested long enough and was ready to swim ashore. The return trip was easy, with John on one side and Jerry on the other, to encourage her.

She was relieved to find that Jerry had exaggerated the agitation on her account. Miss Rumsey greeted her thankfully, and Walter was satisfactorily admiring, but Paul and Betty accepted her exploit with the greatest unconcern.

John stood hesitating on the edge of the group and Madeleine drew him forward. "This is John Jewett, and we've just found out that we are cousins. That is, I knew it all the time, but we've just made friends."

She could see that they were all taken aback at this announcement. No one spoke at first, but before the silence grew awkward, John casually asked Walter if his car hadn't started all right the night before. "I've fooled around garages a lot," he said, "so I know a little about engines. I always run the kicker on Captain Perkins's boat."

Walter had the grace to joke at his own stupidity, and, in a moment, John turned to go. Madeleine hadn't nearly finished all she

meant to say to him. Impulsively she ran after him.

"I'll see you again," she cried eagerly.

"All right." He wasn't exactly disagreeable, but he wasn't jolly and friendly, the way he had been on the raft. Well, her friends hadn't been very cordial to him.

Perhaps John noticed a wistful look on her face, for he said suddenly, "Would you like to go sailing with me sometime? I can always get one of Captain Perkins's boats."

"Would I like to go!" cried Madeleine. "When?"

John looked gratified at her enthusiasm. "The sooner the better," he said. "Any day now I may have to go off again with Captain Perkins."

"To-morrow, then," said Madeleine. "And may I bring Paul? She's my friend."

"The one with the red hair?" he asked.

"Of course. Bring anyone you want."

"I only want Paul, and then we can tell

you everything about the money-belt. Where

shall we meet?"

"On the long wharf, at three-thirty." John nodded to the group on the beach. "I'll be seeing you!" he called back to Madeleine as he strode away.

◆

What was Jay doing, up there on the edge of the Quarry at night? Was there something suspicious about his presence there? Had it anything to do with the old witch woman? You'll discover something startling in the next installment of this exciting mystery.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

ing once more. For the ten years specified at the time of the division had expired, and she and half her descendants were to be returned to Plymouth. There were poor people there now, as the Governor had foreseen, and these needed the Red Cow and her family.

So back to Plymouth she went, following the path around the Bay.

FOR the second time in the history of Plymouth, every person in the town came to the meeting when the Red-Cow-of-the-Poor returned. But she and her family were the only animals there. The rest of the Plymouth cattle had long since been bought from the Company in England and, by this time, had their separate owners. It was due to the cattle that the towns of New England were now firmly established and flourishing.

The Red-Cow-of-the-Poor gazed benignly about as the people came to honor her. And then she looked proudly at the children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren she had brought with her, the stock for the poor of Plymouth. There were five cows, four steers, and two baby calves, besides herself, of course. And Captain Standish had brought, in addition, a bag of gold which was the value of a cow he had purchased. This money, also belonged to the poor.

After that day, the old Red-Cow-of-the-Poor was given plenty of grass, and the very best place in a Pilgrim's barn. She chewed her cud and thought over her life. She had played in her calfhood, in her youth she had traveled farther than most cows have traveled. She had founded a town, produced a large family, and provided handsomely for the poor of Plymouth, to say nothing of attending two town meetings. Really, she considered that, for a cow, she had done very well indeed.

Others from Plymouth followed the Captain's example, and came to settle near him, with their families and their cattle. Raghorn came with the Alden family; and Raghorn, like the Red-Cow-of-the-Poor, had many descendants with her. Elder Brewster settled there, and brought the Blind-Heifer, for so she was still called—even though she was really an old cow now, and a heifer no longer. She, too, had children and grandchildren.

Finally, the settlers who had made their homes near that of Captain Standish decided they might as well build a church there and be a separate town, so they made certain arrangements and called the place Duxbury, for it is said that was the name of the estate in England where Captain Standish had once lived.

The Red Cow was quite old when it became necessary for her to attend a town meet-

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"



"Is my hat all right?" asked Joan, gazing earnestly into the mirror of her compact. The oval glass gave back her reflection like a dainty miniature—powdered curls, big gray eyes, an amazing blue tulle hat set at a dashing angle. Fastening the neck-frills of her *décolleté* blue satin gown was a knot of tiny rosebuds.

"You look swell," returned Jean warmly. "Sort of like the Duchess of Devonshire, or one of the Romney portraits. And so do I, if I do say it myself." She smoothed the stiff folds of her yellow brocade. "These powdered wigs are the cat's whiskers—they'd make anybody look like a million dollars."

● "There's no use talking, you can't beat eighteenth century costumes," agreed Joan. "That's one reason why I voted for our class to give *She Stoops to Conquer*, for the Library Fund. I knew we'd look pretty nifty."

"You said it." Jean unfurled her fan. "Say, do you know we're awfully early? It's only seven-thirty, and probably most of the kids won't show up much before eight o'clock. The curtain doesn't go

up until half past eight, you know."

"Uh-huh. Sort of a long wait. Isn't the October *AMERICAN GIRL* up in the school library?"

Jean picked up her billowing yellow skirts. "I'll run up and get it," she said.

She came downstairs, waving the October number. "Look at this! A Girl Scout cover by Edmund Ward. It's because Girl Scout Week comes around this time."

● "Isn't that a beauty?" said Joan. "Let's see what's inside." She reached for the magazine. "Lots of good things—*Guppy and the Governor*, by Edith Ballinger Price! From the pictures, I'd say that was a Girl Scout story."

"Sure to be good if it's hers," said Jean. She peered over her chum's shoulder. "*The Crow's Nest*, by Marguerite Aspinwall," she read aloud.

"Sure to be good if it's hers," echoed Joan. "Well, look at this: *Sixteen Sees New York in the Eighties*, by Gertrude Foster Brown. That looks as if it might be delightful."

"I love the quaintness of old-time things," said Jean. "And I'm glad we have them occasionally in the magazine. Do you know how they make me feel, Jo? They make me *realize* how much

went on before we were born. It would be a pity, wouldn't it?—to feel as if the past were a stone wall blocking you off, and that nothing really existed except what's going on now?"

"It would," agreed Joan. "And I move we read that article aloud the first chance we get."

"And here's another good one: *Any Mail Today?*, by Beatrice Pierce. It's all about letter-writing. Just what I need—" She broke off, as the door burst open to admit a noisy, jolly crew. "Here are the kids!" She thrust the magazine into Joan's hands. "Take it back to the library, quick! I've promised to help Kitty Carman with her make-up."

●
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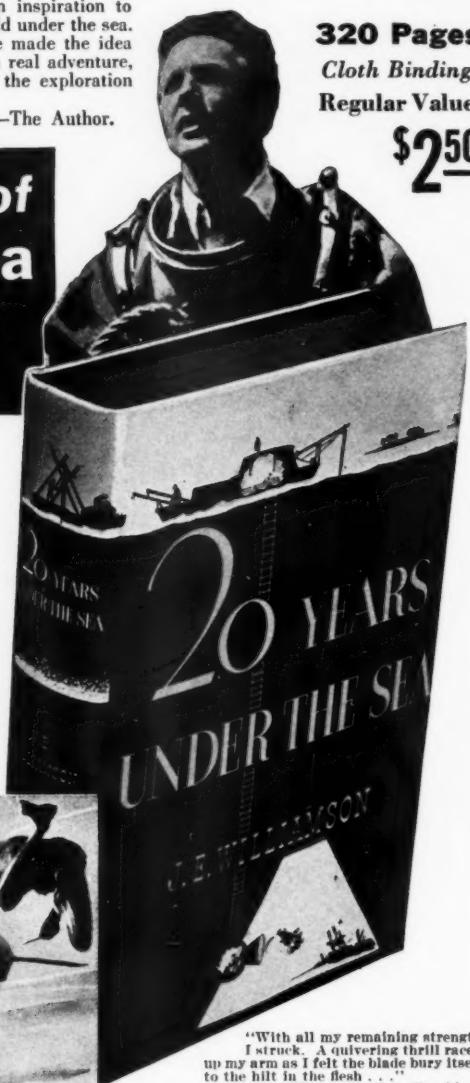
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